VOL. II. APRIL, 1906. NO. 2.

The Middlebury Campus

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE,

FOUNDED IN 1800.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION—CLASSICAL COURSE.

LATIN.—Grammar, including Prosody; Cæsar, four books of the Gallic War; Cicero, six orations; Vergil, six books of the Æneid; Latin Composition; History of Rome, through the Antonines.

GREEK.—Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, four books; Homer's Iliad, three books; Prose Composition; History of Greece to the death of Alexander.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the requirements named above.

MATHEMATICS.—Arithmetic, including the Metric system; Algebra, through Quadratic Equations; Wentworth's Geometry, five books.

ENGLISH.—The reading recommended by the Commission of Colleges in New England on Admission Examinations.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION—LATIN-SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

The same as for the Classical course, with the exception of the Greek, in place of which is required a knowledge of English History such as may be secured by thorough study of a work like Montgomery's; American History, based on such a work as Johnston's; and the outlines of American Literature; also French or German as follows: French 1. Ability to translate simple prose at sight. For this purpose, at least 400 pages of text should be read. French 2. Proficiency in the elements of grammar. German 1. Ability to translate simple prose at sight. For this purpose, at least 250 pages of text should be read. German 2. Proficiency in the elements of grammar.

For more definite statements see College catalogue.

Students from such fitting schools as have thorough courses fully meeting the above requirements will be admitted without examination, on the certificate of their respective principals that they have completed the courses and mastered all that is required for admission. Blank certificates for either course will be forwarded on application.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The College is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The courses of instruction are of two kinds, required and elective, and each student is required to have at least fifteen hours of recitation a week. All the studies for the Freshman and the first two terms of the Sophomore year are prescribed. In the Junior and Senior years, nine and six hours respectively a week are prescribed, the studies for the remaining hours being selected by the student from the elective courses offered. These are numerous, and varied from year to year.

The College Library contains about 26,000 volumes. It is open to students every day except Sunday; all books are accessible to them, and complete catalogues indicate the location of each volume.

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C. E. Prentiss

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

Vol. II. *April, 1906.* *No. 2.*

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EDITORIAL.

THIS number of THE CAMPUS may fairly be styled cosmopolitan for, besides our usual "domestic" news, we have special articles from Italy, France, Turkey, England, and Porto Rico. Articles from China and Japan will be included in the June issue.

IN response to the request printed in the last issue of THE CAMPUS, a number of the alumni have made known their ideas concerning the make-up and general policy of the paper. These letters are most gratifying. They are of great service to the editors in deciding where to build up and where to cut down. One suggestion and one commendation were found in so many letters, that we are led to give them special mention. The prevailing suggestion is that the paper be issued monthly, instead of quarterly. The editors agree that this would be an improvement, but it is an improvement possible only when our subscription list is much lengthened. We aim, first of all, to keep the paper on a sound financial basis—to build up only as rapidly as conditions fully warrant. With increasing funds at our disposal, the idea of a monthly issue may well be considered. The features which brought out most commendation were the list of living alumni, and the extended alumni notes. With a fine sense of the fitness of things, some of the commentators sent, not letters only, but marked newspapers, clippings, and articles in manuscript, for the use of the editors. This was certainly "pointing the moral" of the story. If each alumnus will consider himself under obligation to send us news connected in any way with the college, we shall be in a position to promise an interesting paper from the alumni standpoint. We invite further "pointed" criticism.

DURING the present college year, an effort has been made by the sophomore and freshman classes to revive debating at Middlebury. The sophmores are now in a position to complete arrangements with the Dartmouth sophomores for a public debate during the present term; the freshmen organized a debating club in which thirty men did good work during the winter term. The success of the movement depends in a marked degree on the sympathetic support of the whole college. Nothing is more depressing to a debater than to appeal to an unsympathetic audience. In this case, the end is worth our united effort. Debating is a typical college exercise. It cultivates self-reliance, mental alertness, and ability to use materials,—qualities which every true college course aims to develop. There are few better evidences of mental training, for by its very nature it is a mental contest. Surely the intellectual life at Middlebury should be active enough to revive and maintain the debate as a recognized feature of the college work.

CHARLES EDWARD PRENTISS.

On March fifth, the college was startled by the announcement of the sudden death of Assistant Librarian Charles E. Prentiss. During the morning he was about his usual duties; shortly after noon he passed almost instantly to the future world. So sudden was the blow that for days we could hardly realize our loss, and even as we passed reverently by the desk at which he had worked, we almost expected to hear again the cheery voice and laugh of the friend we had learned to love. Doctor Prentiss was indeed our friend, for to each of us he gave his best. Service to others was the watchword of his life. He was never too busy to listen and aid; never too weary to comfort and cheer. Surely such self-sacrifice has its reward—the reward of human love here, and of blessed life hereafter. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

At the funeral, President Brainerd said, in part, as follows:

Since the startling news reached us last Tuesday, that Dr. Prentiss had gone, to be with us no more in this earthly life, my thoughts have reverted, in a flood of recollections, to the time when we were close friends and fellow-students in college. I wish to speak largely of those early days, for it was then that I knew him most intimately, and that he revealed most clearly those traits of character that marked his after life. We recognized in him, even then, the kindliness of nature, and the sunny hopefulness, that all who knew him in later years could not fail to observe. The ideas and beliefs that he then imbibed from books and comrades controlled his conduct during all the subsequent years.

In the latter half of our college life there sprang up a peculiar friendship between three of us in the class of '64. The third was Noble, a man older and more mature than either Prentiss or myself, of delicate physique, scholarly, refined, even poetic in his temperament. Many a Sunday afternoon and many a sunset hour did we three spend together discussing the profound questions of life and art, of science and theology, matters of this world and of the world to come. Ours was the enthusiasm of novices, the presumption of youth, jumping at conclusions, solv-

ing mysteries, with a confident assurance, that in maturer years we would not have dared to entertain. But these experiences were stimulating, this intimate interchange of thought and feeling was delightful, and perhaps in a crude way, the foundations were laid for the superstructure of character in after life.

Mr. Noble had become an earnest believer in the doctrines of Swedenborg; his poetic, spiritual temperament found much that was congenial in the teachings of this quaint divine, and through his influence Dr. Prentiss was led to adopt the same system of belief. You all know that our friend was what is called a Swedenborgian; but some may have a misconception, as to what this signifies, and so have done him an injustice. Permit me to say that I have the high respect for the theology of Swedenborg. On all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity he was substantially orthodox. He accepted the divinity of Christ; he held most definite views regarding the future life, both of the good and of the bad; he laid great emphasis upon the necessity of wisdom and love in the practical conduct of life. His views were often far in advance of his age, and his writings have had a marked influence in shaping the opinions of prominent leaders in philosophy and religion. Ralph Waldo Emerson in his Representative Men, side by side with Plato the philospher, and Shakespeare the poet, and Goethe the writer, places Swedenborg the mystic.

But the delightful days of undergraduate life came all too soon to a close. The friendly hours of discussion on the high theme of poetry and science, of philosophy and religion, had perforce to be ended. We went each his way to enter upon the more practical duties of maturer years. Mr. Noble was ordained in 1868 as a Swedenborgian preacher, and for several years served as a successful pastor in the cities of Cleveland and Chicago, till failing health forced him to remove to Southern California, where he died in 1885. Mr. Prentiss chose the profession of medicine, went to Washington, where he served as clerk in the Treasury Department and at the same time pursued his professional studies in Georgetown University. He afterwards for several years practiced his profession in Washington and in Bridport. He was subsequently engaged in various forms of business in Middlebury and New York City. I need not enter into the details of the changing events of these years. His outward life was not so different from the outward life of ordinary mortals. He had his joys and his sorrows, his successes and his disappointments, his trials and his temptations, as who of us has not. Let me rather speak briefly of the last ten years of his life when I again came into personal touch with him, and found him to be the same genial, kindly spirit that I had known so well some thirty years before.

In the growth of the college, the uses of the Library had come into more and more prominence. It seemed necessary to have it opened to the students for several hours each day of the week, and desirable to have a man in attendance who understood the care of books, and could be serviceable in directing students and visitors to the particular sources of information of which they might be in quest. Dr.

Prentiss had always been of a scholarly habit, he was fond of books, he knew the modern method of handling a large library; and the College was so fortunate as to secure his services, during a period which was ended only by his death.

It would be superfluous for me to speak of his uniform courtesy and helpfulness to all who have had occasion to make use of the Library. His daily life abounded in acts of kindness and self-sacrifice, and only now that he is gone, do we begin to appreciate how much we had come to depend upon him. He had a remarkable memory for books, and for papers of value that he had found in periodicals; so that many of us went to him habitually for information, that was always granted graciously and efficiently.

The two traits in Dr. Prentis's character, that to my mind best indicate the man, were a desire to be serviceable to others, and a habit of always looking on the bright side of things. His conduct was determined not so much by the stern rules of strict justice as by the promptings of broad sympathy, and neighborly affection. With him love was the fulfilling of the law, and those who were in need rarely appealed to him in vain. Then, too, he was always cheerful and hopeful, never doleful. It seemed to me that he never lost faith in anybody. When troubles and difficulties arose, he was always confident that they could in some way be surmounted. And so I think of our friend as one in whose life was manifested in an eminent degree the Christian graces of faith, hope and love.

To him the summons to depart came with startling suddenness. Without special warning, without lingering illness, while in the midst of life's work, he passed to his reward. I fancy that, if it had been within his power of choice, he would not have had it otherwise. He believed, with confident assurance, that what we call death is but birth into a higher life. Now in the midst of earthly duties, and in the enjoyment of earthly companionship; and in another hour awakening to consciousness in the spirit-world, in the presence of "those angel faces . . . . loved long since, and lost awhile!"

A TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND,

CHARLES EDWARD PRENTISS.

I knew him well—few knew him better. We belonged to the same college fraternity and were room-mates. If there is any better and surer way to get a peep behind the scenes and know the inmost life of a friend, I cannot tell what it is. It was in the old days of the Civil War; a whole generation has grown up since, but of all the forms that come trooping across the scenes which my memory covers, not one is more vivid than that of my friend Prentiss. As I think of him, I live in the past, and the things of the past are the things of today. When I left him on the night of the banquet, Feb. 22, it was to hurry to my home, that I might pay a tribute of love to the memory of a loyal friend, Col. E. W. Jewett, who had died suddenly at the time of the G. A. R. Camp-Fire at Burlington. Hardly had I turned from that grave before the news came of this great loss, startling in its similarity to the first. Since I could not be present and say in public what was in my heart, I now give this little

tribute of love which has at least one virtue—the sweet perfume of sincerity. He was a loyal friend. He had no ear, no taste, for any idle gossip which might be floating about, and which so often comes in to make trouble and breed suspicion. Having chosen a friend, nothing but the gravest reasons could loose the bonds. It was generally "till death do us part."

His was a joyous spirit—bottled sunshine with the cork out. I would fret and fume, and Prentiss would laugh. Such a nature is worth a mighty fortune to the owner, and many fortunes to the world. It gives us June days in December. It was with a laugh that he bid me good bye the other night. That laugh will ring in my ears until I hear it again in the sweet bye and bye. I will treasure its rippling sound as his last will and testament bequeathing the best he had to me.

He had an essentially noble nature. We were boys together and full of fun, but I never knew him to say or suggest a low or vulgar thing. He was ready for college scrapes, if there was nothing mean about them, but if there was, then count him out. No ties of fraternity or class could enlist his aid in such things. The conversation in our room-mate life was such as we might have had in his mother's home. I have gone back and searched the very corners of that life and find it so. Do any call that scant praise? Perhaps it ought to be, but truth compels me to say it is a halo—an aureola, more easily painted by the artists than found in real life.

He was a most unselfish man. I cannot conceive of any conditions in which he could have become a "captain of finance." If he had stumbled onto a gold mine and money had poured into every door of his home, he would not have rested till all the windows were opened so that the neighbors might share the benefit. Dear me! but would not all of us have had good times? Yet, to the extent of his ability, this is just what he did all his life. Kind deeds fell from him unawares, as pearls from Prince Esterhazy's dress. He had solved one part of the great secret, "as poor yet making many rich."

And now what shall I say more? Has this wealth of love, honor, kindness of heart—this *something* which made it an honor to be numbered among his friends—has it all gone out and quenched itself in blackness? Does God, like a child, blow bubbles of human life which however beautiful must in the end burst suddenly into nothingness? We cannot believe it. Some time and somewhere, the story of human life is "to be continued." Faith outruns vision, and the tired heart comforts itself with the thought that it may be ebb tide here, but it is flood tide somewhere.

My friend was fortunate in his death. All our lives we have had a glowing vision of that ancient worthy who "walked with God and was not, for God took him." Our friend "did not see death." Most of us must pass through sickness and pain—long waiting for the mysterious end to come, mighty surgings of hopes and fears, before we enter the harbor; but not so with him. "He did not see death." He saw a happy home, kind friends, bright prospects, and then—and then—he saw God.

EUGENE J. RANSLOW, '66.

Swanton, Vt., March 13, '06.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY BANQUET.

The annual banquet was an unusual success. The place, the large number present, the character of the speeches, and the spirit of the occasion, all combined to make the event most enjoyable.

The town hall provided a convenient place with ample room, and the decorations made it a "delight to the eye," as well as a "joy to the soul." The gallery was utilized as a reception room where friends could meet before the banquet was served. From this vantage point our attention was first called to the decorations. Long streamers of bunting and lines of small electric lights extended from the corners of the room to the center of the ceiling. The stage was beautifully decorated in colors fitting for the occasion, and upon it were displayed flags, pictures, and valuable relics, kindly loaned by H. L. Sheldon from the Museum. Above the stage was a large picture of Washington, surrounded and illuminated by tiny electric lights in red, white, and blue.

On the main floor below stretched long tables neatly decorated and loaded with good things which served to fortify the inner man in preparation for the "feast of reason" that was to follow.

The untiring efforts of Professor Henckels and the faithful work of the Executive Committee deserve special commendation. It was the environment made possible by their labors that contributed largely to the success of the program.

The president's address, the oration, and the declamation were unusually good. We have never heard such uniformly good toasts from the students. They were spicy, appropriate, and well given, and were there space each should have some special mention.

A student toastmaster was an entirely new feature. Mr. Kimball's work was happy and appropriate, fully meriting the commendation it received.

President Brainerd told us that young men of his age were looking toward the future. He spoke at length of the increasing demands upon college men, congratulated the students now in college upon their opportunities to prepare for the large possibilities of the future, and recalled the lives and deeds of early graduates of Middlebury, such as Wright, Foote, and Phelps.

Rev. E. J. Ranslow, '66, was called upon and spoke of the value of such an anniversary in stimulating patriotism, and then talked of Washington, "the man, and the task."

Hon. Frank C. Partridge, ex-'81, gave a beautiful word picture of Washinton, calling special attention to his character and to the value of having high ideals. He said: "Achievement cannot always be imitated; character can."

When Professor Henckels was called, the applause was long and hearty. He spoke to us, not as an American by birth, but as an American by adoption. His deeply patriotic spirit was evident, not only in his talk, but in his song, "America," which was sung for the first time at this banquet. He believes in serving his country by serving the college as a safeguard of American liberties. "Ideality," said he, "should be the watchword of college life." All present appreciated the

spirit which inspired his toast: "Long live the college on the hill; long live America."

Professor McGilton came last. His salutation included "fellow students, fellow men, fellow women, fellow sufferers, conscript fathers," etc., and although, in retaliation for being called upon, he suggested to the toastmaster that "all Gaul is now divided into *one* part" everyone was pleased that he "had the audacity to speak at so late an hour." His speech was filled with apt quotations, happy allusions, and good fellowship. It was he who expressed humorously but sincerely our thanks to all who had taken part in the program, or who had otherwise contributed to the success of the banquet.

About one hundred eighty people sat at the tables. One of the most encouraging features was the number of alumni present. This was as it should be. Such occasions serve to bind us all more closely together. The town hall provided plenty of room for all comers; yet we hope that in the near future we may have some beautiful building—perhaps a gymnasium—upon our own campus, in which to hold all college celebrations.

Following is the banquet program:

President's Address, - - H. G. Taylor
Oration, - - - B. J. Mulcahy
Declamation, - - - L. E. Rye

Toastmaster, - - G. E. Kimball

TOASTS.

The Day We Celebrate, - G. D. MacQuivey
Our College, - - - C. M. Walch
Music.
The Strenuous Life, - - H. R. Bird
Martha, - - - - E. M. Gove
Music, - - - Haydn Quartet
The College Man in Politics, -
- - - - President Brainerd
Our Latest Reinforcements, - A. W. Peach
Music, "Down Where the Otter Creek Flows," - - H. R. Bird
The Bachelor's Table, - W. R. Wheeler

OUR COUNTRY.

Music—"America," - - - Chorus

BOSTON ALUMNI DINNER.

The Boston Association of Middlebury College Alumni held its Seventh Annual Reunion and Banquet at the American House, Boston, on Saturday evening, March 31, with the largest and most representative attendance and the greatest enthusiasm in its history. Rev. G. W. Brooks, the president, in behalf of the association, extended a hearty welcome to all present, particularly to the newcomers and to the *aluumnae*. President Ezra Brainerd, '64, in behalf of the college, gave a forcible description of "The New Middlebury," recounting the improvements of the last few years, especially the new endowments, the library and the science building, and dwelling upon the spirit of application and devotion to study which characterize the undergraduate of today. Prof. J. N. Rodeheaver, describing pleasantly his experiences in taking up his college work, referred to the zeal and thoroughness which he found among the students in carrying out whatever they undertook, and spoke feelingly of the late Dr. C. E. Prentiss, '64, assistant librarian of the college. Prof. C. M. Mead, '56, spoke in a reminiscent vein of his experiences, and humorously described the manner in which the student of earlier days met the requirements of the college concerning attendance upon early morning prayers and exercises. Prof. E. H. Higley, '68, long of the college faculty and

now of the Groton School, Groton, paid an eloquent tribute to his classmate and friend, Dr. Prentiss, and made a stirring appeal for the study of Greek and the cultivation of high ideals, as opposed to the modern spirit of commercialism. Rev. H. W. Hulbert, '79, called attention to the preeminence of Vermont and her institutions, and quoted statistics showing that in the number of men and women who have attained recognized eminence in the various walks of life, Vermont has led her sister States of New England. He also made a brief plea for the extension of state supervision to her institutions. Miss R. I. Bisbee, '00, representing the women of the college, spoke very happily of college memories and experiences, and referred briefly to the proposed new college for women in comparison with the present system of coeducation.

The officers elected were George H. Remele, '72, President; Alva C. Peck, '80, Secretary; and Edward W. Howe, '69, Treasurer. Among those present were the following:

Prof. C. M. Mead, '56; Prof. W. R. Shipman, '59; Pres. Ezra Brainerd, '64; Prof. E. H. Higley, '68, and Mrs. Higley; E. W. Howe, '69, and Mrs. Howe; G. H. Remele, '72, and Mrs. Remele; Rev. G. W. Brooks, '73, and Mrs. Brooks; Dr. E. H. Baxter, '76, and Mrs. Baxter; Prof. Henry W. Hulbert, '79, and Prof. Homer B. Hulbert; Rev. J. L. Barton, '81; J. C. Miller, '82, and Mrs. Miller; W. D. Rich, '89, and friend; Harriette E. Bolton, '90; Rev. W. H. Van Allen, '90; Mrs. Annie Ritchie Megathlin, '94; Rev. G. C. Lamson, '96, and Mrs. Lamson; Marion E. Dunbar, '97, and friend; Dr. B. M. Bristol, '98; J. A. Lobban, '98, and Mrs. Sarah Scoles Lobban, '99; Rena I. Bisbee, '00, and friend; Gertrude E. Cornish, '01; J. Earle Parker, '01; G. W. Skeels, '03; H. F. Markolf, '04; Lena M. Goodwin, '05, and friend; Alice J. Potter, '05; Miss E. Vickery, '05; Elsie C. Greenwood, '06; Dr. John B. Brainerd.

It is earnestly requested that all former students and instructors who are not now upon the mailing list of the association and desire to receive notices of its meetings, send their addresses to the secretary, Alva C. Peck, P. O. Box 2672, Boston. All members of the association are also urged to notify the secretary promptly of all changes of address of themselves and others, and to suggest any new names to add to the list. Special attention is called to the fact that all former students and instructors, with their friends, are invited to the reunions of the association, whether they receive a formal notice or not.

A DAY AT SEA.

(A Letter to the Students of Middlebury.)

One section of my freshman class will recall a stanza we discussed in the course of our sessions together:

"Days dawn on us that make amends for many sometimes,
When heaven and earth seem fairer even than any man's rhymes."

Well, Tuesday, January 16, was such a day, and although we set sail on the sixth of the month and had had an enjoyable journey, it was really the first red-letter day of our passage. The setting-out, to be sure, was interesting and full of promise: the fine day; the hearty good-bye of friends; the drop down the bay; the leaving of

the pilot at the light-ship; and the turning in at last to face the new conditions. Interesting, too, and in a way most pleasant, was the monotonous daily round: the bath; the early breakfast (7 to 8) of whatever you wished to order; the walk or lounge on the deck; the watch for porpoises and ships—the latter rare on the southern route until one nears Gibraltar; the learning of the run at noon after the table d' hote breakfast from 10:30 to 11:30 or later; the repetition in the afternoon of the doings of the morning; the tea and toasted crackers at 4:00 and dinner at 6:30; the music and good-fellowship following, interrupted at 9:00 by the call to final lunch,—one took pleasure in it after a fashion, and is glad to have had it a part of his experience, but to me at least, when all is said and done, it is a means to an end, and desperately slow. I do not travel by sea for the joy of the journey, but largely for what awaits one at the other end of the line. And the compensation came on Tuesday, the sixteenth.

At noon of the fifteenth we had been in Lat. 37° 43′ N.—Long. 10° 55′ W., (this for the satisfaction of those who, like myself, enjoy locating things on maps), and about six o'clock in the evening the intermittent lights on Cape St. Vincent came into view. It seemed to Marjory that the enthusiasm over a light flashing now and then in the darkness was a little disproportionate, and so it would have been, were it not that the thing symbolized is the real thing after all. That night we skirted the coast to about the Bay of Cadiz, and when we came out on deck a little after five of a glorious morning, Trafalgar Light was abeam.

As the dawn brightened, the mountainous coast became more clearly outlined, first on the Spanish side and then in Tangier as we drew nearer to the straits. The Spanish coast is in places like the Hudson Palisades; in others it rises in wild, irregular summits curiously needled. At one spot the lower land was most regularly corrugated at right angles to the sea; as it sloped up from the low bluff of the shore line, one seemed to be looking down on the contiguous roofs of great ware-houses, with one roof-slope grassy and another bare. We passed Tangier on the south, and on the north Tarifa. At seven we broke off sight-seeing for ham and eggs and coffee, but got back as soon as possible to the upper promenade, just under the bridge. Off Tarifa the lion-outline of the Rock showed in the distance, and we passed it at nine o'clock, about two and one-half miles out, with the British flag at the stern and signals flying. It is a noble rock from every point of sea view, but especially as one looks at it from the ocean side. The clouds at times would touch its summits, but it lay for the most part in full sun-light, nor could we have had our introduction to it under more favorable circumstances.

The Moroccan coast proved wildly mountainous, much higher than the Spanish, with great watch-towers here and there on the peaks. If Raissuli is his name and these mountains are his stronghold, (my Pericardian recollections are indefinite), he couldn't have chosen a better spot for the prosecution of his business. After we had passed the Rock, the sea broadened out again, and by breakfast-time the straits and our passage of them were a receding memory.

The Mediterranean itself was almost equally interesting. At noon we were in Lat. 36° 12′ N.—Long. 4° 25′ W., (which, again, those so disposed may locate and see our run). During the afternoon we followed the Spanish coast, off Malaga, some eighteen or twenty miles out. The water was glassy and a deep blue. The sun set clear and then followed the most wonderful effects over all the sea—mother-of-pearl iridescence with varying bases of amethyst, orange, and green shading almost imperceptibly into one another. The Bay of Naples at sunset may be finer, but it needn't be; one recalls that page of Ruskin describing the Rhone at Geneva and wisely resists the temptation to try the verbal brush.

But this day of glorious color was not yet over: when night fell, the furrows turned up by the *Madonna's* prow and sides were tipped with darting streaks of steel-blue phosphorescence, as vivid as any I have ever seen. And so ended this first red-letter day of our wanderings, ample recompense for the weariness of the days that had gone before. If the issues of life were as certain, when one comes at last to the straits!

C. B. WRIGHT.

Naples, Italy, Feb. 12, 1906.

A WALK UP VESUVIUS.

Italia, this morning, is not ~~as~~ so *bella* as she is given credit for being, in the books. While the weather is boxing the compass—dashes of rain and pellety hail alternating with brief moments of brilliant sunshine, and dashes of wind kicking up the white-caps out on the bay—I am going to take advantage of the enforced idleness and tell you how we did Vesuvius. Baedeker will counsel, (and Baedeker, by the way, is an invaluable companion, complete, reliable, and a constant help; do not laugh at the tourist who carries it in his hand—he shows his good sense when he does ~~it~~ so) Baedeker, I say, will counsel that the most satisfactory way to visit Vesuvius is to avail oneself of the services so kindly offered by the Cooks. They will take you from Naples to Resina by carriage and thence to the foot of the cone by their private tram; from there they will hoist you on their wire-rope railway, nearly to the crater, and then guides will lead you as close to the crater's mouth as it is permitted one on that particular day to go. They will then reverse the process and land you finally in Naples, happy and content, saved by the philanthropy of Thomas Cook and Sons from the extortion and rapacity of pillaging guides. All this they will do for the small sum of 21 lire a person, to which must be added the fee (about 4 lire) of the government guide at the top. Now, 25 lire, as I need not tell you, is $5.00 in good coin of the realm, and this charge includes no food. I find no fault with the statement of Herr Baedeker; the sights that the Cooks offer for the money are abundantly worth the charge, and doubtless this way of making the journey is the best way for the majority of the people. For us, though, from every point of view, the way we did it is better.

"We" were the three of us, with Miss Parker and Miss Daunis. We started by tramcar from near the great arcade at about eleven o'clock of Saturday, Feb. 3. Nine o'clock would have been better, as it would have given us that much more time to study the flowing

lava at close range, but in a day that proved so perfect such a slight infelicity ought hardly to be mentioned. An hour's ride (fare six cents) brought us to Resina, the site of Herculaneum; the tram skirts the shore the whole distance. Alighting, we started on the upward walk. Over my shoulder, in a tourist's bag bought ten years ago in Glasgow, I carried the family lunch, our only impedimenta.

It was an ideal day for walking; as Miss Parker put it, it was comfortably warm and comfortably cool. A slight haze softened, while it did not obscure, the distant landscape. Our passage through the streets of Resina was to an accompaniment of importunate guides, one of whom continued with us for half a mile or more, proclaiming in broken English our need of his services and extolling his excellence as a personal conductor. I told him, as I told them often, that he might go with us if he wished, but I should ignore his existence and not pay him a soldo. Finally he turned back from the fruitless quest and, as Bunyan puts it, I saw him no more. As we got out of the village into the open country to the eastward, our goal was distinctly visible—a clump of buildings about three miles distant and 2600 feet above, the lower station of the wire-rope railway up the cone. The road proved to be almost straight, with hardly a hundred feet of descent in its whole course. We made the journey leisurely, with many a stop for backward looks on the widening panorama—the curving, city-lined bay, with the flanking islands of Capri on the south and Ischia on the north; few scenes could be more lovely. And ever as we turned to our work again, before us towered the grim, desolate cone, with smoke and steam rolling upward from the crater and from the lava streams that were ploughing the northward slopes. Promptly with the disappearance of the last discouraged guide, the first boy made his advent with proffers of valuable aid. They are very bright, these youngsters, and proud of the little English that they gather from passers-by. One went with us more than a mile, biding his time. I told him that I didn't need help from any one—that the book I had was *bono* and could tell me just where to go. He laughed a laugh whose confidence was doubtless born of previous experience. "After while, book no *bono*; then you want a boy." This time, however, he reckoned without his hosts. We came to the last crucial turning of the ways, beyond which the sailing would be plain; we chose the right one, and Othello's prospective occupation was gone. After offering some lava stamped with the outlines of the mountain and the features of Umberto, he too disappeared down the hill.

And now began a remarkable part of the journey, over the lava fields of 1858 — fantastic shapes of every conceivable description, where the fiery liquid had stiffened in its course; here great coils of enormous cable twisted with geometric regularity; farther on, heaps of giant horses slain on some Titanic battleplain; everywhere frozen chaos. In a little scooped-out hollow of the tumbled mass, a few hundred feet below our destination, we ate our lunch. (If one had the ability to make the most of his data, what an interesting hour he could cover on "Places where I have

lunched.") A few minutes after we had started on, we stood at the foot of the cone. Our purpose now was to examine as closely as possible the streams of lava flowing down the north side of the cone from mouths a few hundred feet below its summit. We started, therefore, along the base in a northeasterly direction. Soon we came to a hillock of loose rock athwart our path. It was perhaps twenty feet high and a hundred feet in diameter. As we watched it, we saw that the air above it was tremulous with heat, and its shape was constantly changing as the rocks rolled down its sides. Suddenly there was a greater disturbance at one point; a huge boulder was pushed out from the upper portion of the mass and rolled, red-hot and smoking, to the bottom of the heap, not thirty feet from where we stood. Coursing down the cone from *bocce* (mouths) some twelve hundred feet above came the slow, twisting, pushing streams of molten lava, as though some gigantic blast-furnace were being "drawn." Every now and then the sides of the channels would crumble in and the seething, sulphurous rivers would boil and bubble like a witches'-cauldron. It was really awe-inspiring—a far more tremendous spectacle, in Mrs. Wright's judgment, than the view into the crater that she had on a former visit.

But night drew on and we reluctantly turned away, going down a more circuitous route, past the Observatory and along the winding carriage road that comes up from Resina. As on the upward journey we turned often to look upon the sea, so now we stopped at intervals to look back on the burning cone. As the night deepened the fires became more vivid and, at points where intervening heights shut off the view direct, the glare in the heavens showed plainly the position of the streams. By seven Resina had been reached, and by eight we were again in Naples. We were unable to speak comparatively, of course, as to this and other eruptions, but Mr. Irving, minister of the Scotch Presbyterian church here, told me this afternoon that during his twenty-two years of residence in Naples he has never before seen so large an outpouring of lava. We are fortunate, therefore, in being here at this particular time, for Vesuvius is beyond question the greatest sight in the vicinity of Naples. It was a day to be remembered for a life-time—a day worthy of more adequate recording, and it may not be amiss to state, in the closing, that it cost us twelve cents apiece. I want to go again, and perhaps I may; there is a fascination about nature in convulsions. I remember, though, the fate of the elder Pliny and shall be discreet.

C. B. WRIGHT.

Naples, Italy, Monday, Feb. 5, 1906.

PARIS.

Splendid is so suitable a word to use in describing Paris that I suppose we should have taken the Rhodes Scholar with us. We did think, when he refused to go, of having him charge a phonograph with the remark and taking that with us. But Sister claimed she knew the French for it, so we concluded she would probably do in place of the machine.

We started for Paris on the day after Christmas. Our first stop was London, where we stayed a week and

went to Westminster Abbey, The Tower, The British Museum, The Tempest, City Road Chapel, Midsummer Night's Dream, The Houses of Parliament, The City Temple, Slater's Restaurant, Peter Robinson's (Peter sells dry goods and other et cetera), London Bridge, Hyde Park, and the Messiah. The first six were gorgeous, the second six splendid, and the last sublime. How is that for concentrated, beef extract description?

The only drawback to our enjoyment was the weather. The mud of London is not deep, but it is everywhere; on the street, of course; but also on the sidewalks, and on the busses; in the shops, and in the churches; and always taken as a matter of course. The atmosphere is full of it. We did not experience a regular pea soup fog but the air grew thick enough to chew several times. You felt ill-mannered, as though you were talking with your mouth full. I should advise everyone who can to go to Westminster and hear the choir. We were fortunate in being there Christmas week, as there were three services of carols. They were late on gloomy afternoons, when the building was beginning to be swallowed up in shade. There were only faint flickerings of daylight in the highest windows. Below, where we were seated, was the hush of early evening. I cannot convey to your minds the feeling of awe and worshipful reverence which these great churches throw around one, and I must leave you to imagine how much deeper it would be when the shadows of a late afternoon accentuate the mystery and increase the vastness of the building. But you will understand that, if the sound of singing as exquisite is added to these sensations, the harmony will be entrancing. There used to be, in the Middle Ages, a service in the Catholic liturgy, in which the visit of the shepherds to the Babe at Bethlehem was enacted. The shepherds came up the main aisle of the church, lured by angel's voices singing the Gloria. The angels were boys standing in a loft over the great door of the choir. There was the same luring sweetness in this modern singing. We were as one captured in the meshes of a happy dream, whose soft constraint was hardly broken when we passed to the rain and fog without.

I must not delay too long, as we are on the way to Paris. My concentrated description of events in London covered a full week. On Wednesday, January third, we resumed our travels and the tragedy of this grand tour developed. We wanted to go to Paris third class. Only Americans and bank clerks travel any other way. But we were met by a beautiful new Alien's Law which had gone into effect on January first. It seems that of the sixty or seventy thousand emigrants that go yearly to the United States through England, twenty or thirty individuals stop there permanently. The resulting competition in getting work is thought to be prejudicial to the best interests of the British workingman, at present the lord of this fair land. So they have made this new law restricting alien immigration. You cannot come into England third class unless you have five pounds in your pocket or are fleeing from persecution. We were warned when leaving London that there might be breakers ahead. It must have been lack of humor which applied such a law in our case. We bought round tirp

tickets in London, were to be out of the country only a week, and yet were to be considered immigrants on our return. Americans emigrating to England out of France! This almost amounted to persecution. Nevertheless, "having put our hands to the plough, we would not turn back," and so we went third class, taking enough surplus cash along to get back into England.

The journey over was delightful. I had a trifling altercation with the Channel, which was rather annoying. But I assure you the difficulty was none of my seeking. The Channel would stand on end at varying intervals. I argued with it against this inconsiderate conduct substantially and at length, but it was beyond persuasion. So I got some other people to help me. We stood at the rail and objurgated that Channel all the way across but it did no good. I swore that after I had safely emigrated back into England I never would associate with that channel again. Its conduct was too disgusting.

The remaining journey through France was uneventful. If there were any personalities passed in the train they escaped me, as the only French I know is, "After you, my dear Alphonse," and people are not saying that very much now-a-days.

We found a good hotel and settled down to do Paris. At this date my recollections of that city are ten thousand seven hundred twenty-nine and two-thirds miles of picture galleries, mostly pictures of the "chaste Suzanne" by the great masters; six thousand four hundred and twelve miles of stores, mostly "Margazins de Louvre;" seven hundred and thirty-three ten thousandths miles of boulevards, Arches of Triumph, Places of Concord, Tombs of Napoleon, and Latin Quarters; one river Seine; the Palace Versailles; and a bog just out of the city.

To return to the chaste Suzanne. She is the patron goddess. You see her everywhere, in pictures in the galleries, in statues in the parks, clothed in a beautiful complexion and a sweet insinuating smile. Mother suggested that she ought to be called "the chased" Suzanne. She is generally fleeing from two ORGULOUS old parties supposed to be Jewish Elders. But often she is all alone, seemingly having escaped them, and is then generally disguised as Venus, or Aphrodite, or Hera, or some other alias. You can always tell who she really is by that sweet smile, a sort of a "Sunny Susan" cast of countenance. After you have traveled miles of galleries and had her turn up in room after room, always pensively smiling, you feel like doing something to make her drop at least one lonesome tear, that smile so agitates your nerves.

One of the sublimest spectacles I saw in Paris was sister trying to impress her knowledge of the French language on a "gendarme". That, or something like it, was what she called the policeman. She would single out her victim and advance gallantly to the attack. I remember one in particular. The question was, where was the Louvre. Of course we were standing in front of it at the time, but that did not dissuade sister. Mother and I put on aspects of intense awe at her wisdom and she tried to look winsome and talk French to that policeman at the same time. She evidently thought the winsome would fetch him

if the French did not. But the effort to do both at once nearly destroyed her complexion. The surprising thing is that she really extracted her information out of the man. He gave it reluctantly at first, but when he saw how tired her winsome was getting, he relaxed and expatiated at length. I was surprised and humbled, Later, without letting it be known to the other two, I tried it myself. I wanted to locate the Morgue. Using the only French I knew, I put on my most winsome expression and said to another policeman: "After you, my dear Alphonse." The subtle politeness of this remark entirely escaped him. He seemed, for some unknown reason, to utterly fail to grasp my meaning and I have never located that Morgue to this day.

There are some interesting things in the Louvre besides the chaste Suzanne, but there is so much to see that it leaves rather a jumble in your mind. Besides pictures, there are antiquities and jewels, mummies and Winged Victories of Samothrace. Other Americans were there too, because sister says she heard a man bet a woman ten cents. I regret to have to state that the woman did not take him up. Another gallery is the Luxembourg. That is devoted to strictly modern art which would, I am sure, make our prudish ancestors revolve rapidly in their graves. But as this is not a guide book, I must hurry over details.

I will even say little about the tomb of Napoleon. It is one of the most beautiful buildings I have ever seen, but undescribable except in the monotony of a guide book. Versailles is different. I have heard intimations that it is a ruin from people who had forgotten, but that is a mistake. It is another museum and picture gallery with a large park. Of course it used to be a royal place. Now it is a gallery of paintings of battles France has won. I am a little shady on its earlier history. We saw royal bedsteads and other curiosities, but it quite escapes me who the kings were that slept in them. Some of the rooms of state are magnificent beyond the dream of Standard Oil. The park is even more geometrical than that in Warwick and on a much more magnificent scale. It is full of fountains and those everlasting statues of the chaste Suzanne. The day we went to Versailles it rained, and we were caught in a shower in the midst of the park at a place where they had been repairing the driveway. So my most vivid impression of the place is a picture of three disconsolate Americans wading around in a bog where the mud was indescribably nasty and the rain was pouring down. We might as well have been in Addison County as far as the thrills we had were concerned. But later it obligingly cleared off, and we were able to enjoy the rest of the day investigating what sister called the Grand and Petit Trianon. Really, you know, they were not nearly so bad as that. They were just two summer houses stowed away in one corner of the park and inextricably mixed up with Marie Antoinette, Napoleon, Josephine, and other saints and sages of former days. It was here Marie had her little private village where she pretended to be a shepherdess and dairy maid in silks and satins, and where they used to have theatrical exhibitions in a Temple of Love. Afterwards Napoleon arrived and these sylvan and rustic festivities

were completely tabooed. Napoleon was too busy toying with the destinies of empires and other large and awful phrases to spend his time manipulating the handles of a churn or posing as Love gone mad in a sylvan temple. It is a pity that later at St. Helena these admirable facilities for developing the soul were not at hand.

Sister was enchanted with the two Trianons. I told her it was time she said splendid occasionally in French, but she refused. She said that her complexion was not yet rested from talking French and looking winsome at the policeman, and that she was afraid another attempt at French would fracture it. I suggested that she try another dealer, and she turned up her nose. I did not care. I am so used to being treated with contempt that I can endure almost anything. But she did say "jolly sweet," and "absolutely ripping," and "so clevah," in her awful English way. And once when we were floundering in the bog she said: "This is beastly nawsty, don't you know. Well rathah!" I never knew her to come so near absolute profanity before, play all around it as it were and never hit it, and she a lady. I know she is a lady, because we had to sign a blank for the immigration officers before starting, and had to give, among other things, our occupations. She put hers down as lady. So there you have it in black and white and it must be so. Yet she made remarks like that above. There was nothing to do for it but to go back to England where such expressions suit the climate.

We started on a Monday morning. I am glad to say the channel was more reasonable. I was allowed to omit the peroration of my argument. But on arriving at Folkestone we, along with the other Frenchmen, had to face the immigration officers. It was not severe. A hard faced, weather beaten old chap asked us whether we were not British subjects. It was a hard blow, because we hoped we did not look so abandoned. We denied it. Another innocent old chap asked us whether we parley voued English. I told him we spoke it occasionally. They asked mother whether she had been well, and she said she had. Even the Channel had not disturbed her equilibrium. When they saw sister they were going to deport her. They said they did not allow cracked complexions in England. They allowed her to land only after she had promised to purchase a new one immediately. I had no real difficulty. They read my innocent character in my face and having seen the money in my pocketbook, concluded I was a capable means of support for the others, a rather astonishing conclusion when you come to think it over. At any rate they let us pass. We arrived in London in a moderate state of repair, at one station. Our trunk had gone to another, and we were to catch a train at a third. If I were a latter-day novelist I might describe the scene as follows: "Algernon de Switchback leapt from the train dragging his helpless relatives after him. Hurling them into a cab and directions at the driver, he springs within and they are hurried across the mighty city. Strange faces peer at them in their mad career. Horrid sounds, the rumbling of wheels, the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, the thousand and one noises of a great city, threaten them. But they are intent upon their journey. Algy is

collecting his wits; his relatives, their complexions. They stop at last. With grim determination and a haughty step de Switchback advances upon the customs officer. With bold effrontery he demands his baggage. The cringing menials of a despotic government are dumb with terror. Meekly they deliver it, and straightway the de Switchbacks hurtle on their headlong course across the mighty metropolis with its teeming multitudes, its myriad lights, its rich, its poor, its happy, its sorrowing. But none of these things move them. They are intent upon Paddington station and the 8:02 2-3 train. They draw up at the station. Hurling their largess at the cabmen, Algy et al. rush away and at last are safely ensconced and seated in their railway carriage. The shades of night come rumbling down. Algy producing a bun from his pocket quietly munches at it. His relatives producing buns from their hand-bags quietly munch," and the events gently trickle away into chapter 127.

But as I am not a modern novelist I can only say that we hurried across the city, made the proper connections, and reached Oxford somewhat fatigued, but glad that our travels were over for the time being. We had seen Paris, yet we still lived.

F. W. Cady, '99.

OUT IN TURKEY.

"How would you like to go to Turkey?" I was asked in the office of the teachers' agency.

At first I thought he was naming some small, insignificant town in Massachusetts, and was hesitating to offer me a position so unworthy of my ability. But I soon found out that it was Turkey across the ocean to which he referred. I was not long in deciding to go, and began corresponding at once with the president of Anatolia College.

On the 13th day of September, 1902, I left New York by the "Campania" of the Cunard Line.

If it belonged to the subject, I would tell my experiences, between New York and Constantinople: how old-fashioned the English railways seemed; my attempts to speak and understand German; and how the European way of doing things impressed me. After passing thro England, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Servia, I was in Bulgaria near the Turkish frontier. I had heard that the Turkish customs officers were more severe than the American, and my heart beat rapidly as we neared Mustafa Pasha, where our baggage would be examined. It was about nine o'clock at night. The officers came. I unlocked my valise, and the officer carried off two Bulgarian newspapers I had just bo[t] and a catalog of Anatolia College.

The Turkish government is very particular about what is read in the empire. It permits nothing detrimental to the Mohammedan religion or likely to stir up revolution. Christian literature is permitted and is published there, but while it may show the merits of Christianity it must not speak against the ruling faith. One theological student nearly got into serious trouble for publicly comparing Christian Europe with Mohammedan Turkey. As to that which is likely to stir up revolution, no one can know till he tries just what revolutionary literature is. Histories and maps are

objected to because they do not tell the "truth" about the country. If a sentence can possibly be understood as against the sultan or any of the Turkish institutions, it is likely to be so understood. A few examples of what they would like to have removed from the Bible illustrate this:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise: which having no chief, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be broken, and that without remedy. When the righteous are increased the people rejoice: but when a wicked man beareth rule the people sigh." "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

The next morning we were approaching Constantinople. We passed thro a wide breach in the ancient wall and stopped at the station. Our passports were examined and our baggage again inspected. Entering an open carriage, I was taken thro narrow, dirty streets. Occasionally some retail dealer had to hustle himself and wares out of our way. I then had my first look at Turkish street dogs. These animals have been fully described by Mark Twain, and I will pass them by with only a few words. They are usually of the color of grass in winter. Many are afflicted with skin diseases and with leanness. They are about as contemptible an animal as there is, but they are regarded as a necessary nuisance because they eat whatever cannot be otherwise disposed of. As we rode along, the horses nearly trod on the dogs sleeping in the streets.

That afternoon I went to see and hear the howling dervishes, whose performance is interesting and yet almost as tiresome to the spectators as to the dervishes. I cannot describe all the details. There was a row of men standing against one wall of the room. At right angles with them two rows of men sat facing each other. Then the chanting began, which can be described only by the fonograf. Those who were standing swayed their bodies now to the right and now to the left. And they chanted and chanted and chanted and swayed and swayed and swayed until all the novelty had worn away, and it had become tiresome to behold. The chanting by those standing became more indistinct until it became mere panting. At last the chanting stopped, and those who were standing stood as if nothing had happened. Some of them left the line, others took their places, and the performance began again. I stayed about two hours; the performance had begun before I came and was still in progress when I left.

I did not visit Constantinople much at that time because I hardly knew what to look for, and the guides are so rapacious that one ought to have a good-sized pocket-book to employ them. My journey from Constantinople to Samsoun on a French steamer was delightful. The steamer anchored about a mile from the shore at Samsoun, and we had to land in row boats, which is all right in calm weather. Then we made a two days' journey to Marsovan (or Merzifun, Mersiwen, etc.) by wagon, as there are no railroads in that part of Turkey and very few elsewhere. The scenery was fine. The mountains and hills had scarcely any trees, and frequently

the grass was so thin that the color of the soil could be plainly seen. On account of this thin covering every indentation and rising was distinct. Our wagon had the shape of the western emigrant wagon of fifty years ago, and the size of an ordinary wagon. There were no seats. The passengers spread a mattress on the bottom and then lay or sat upon that. The roads were indescribably bad, and it was hard to keep on my side of the wagon.

A description of Marsovan will give some idea of Turkish cities generally. It is situated in an extensive plain, and mountains and hills can be seen in every direction. At the northern end of the city is Anatolia College, the girls' school, the orfanages, the hospital, and the dwelling houses of the missionaries. Around the city are the gardens and vineyards. All the houses are built closely together and are not scattered in the suburbs as in American cities. Altho the city contains more than 25,000 inhabitants, its area is really no greater than a fair-sized American village. The houses have a timber framework, and the walls are most often made of large cakes of mud strengthened with broken straw. The outside is plastered with the same material or sometimes with white plaster. Farther to the south, I am told, the houses are frequently made of stone. The houses are of one or two stories and are separated from each other and from the street by mud walls ten feet high. As you walk along the street you pass between two high mud walls, in which are large double doors usually locked and furnished with a knocker. The streets are narrow, the widest allowing two wagons to pass, but usually there is room for only one wagon at a time. In Marsovan and most other cities the streets are paved with uncut stones and are very dirty, especially after a rain. Dogs live in the streets. I have not seen the smallest village (except one in which Greeks alone lived) which did not have its street dogs.

Some people think that the Turks are treacherous and cruel. In my journey from the sea coast I must confess I was a little uncomfortable from fear. But as I learned the language and customs I felt no more fear than I do in this country. I do not know how far others will agree with me, but my opinion is that they are much like other people. They show as much politeness and respect to foreigners as we do. Considering their advantages for education, they are as good as the Americans. We get mostly political and war news about them, and here they appear at their worst. Bribery prevails everywhere among government officials.

My duties as teacher of English and logic began with a week's vacation given without request. The studies of the college correspond with those of our American colleges. Latin and German are not in the curriculum, and Greek is studied only by the Greeks. English is studied one year in the college and in the three preparatory years and is used in the science and mathematics recitations. My three years there of teaching has made me stronger than ever in the belief that we Americans are fools to bother ourselves and English-learning foreigners with our unscientific mode of spelling. How many years we mite add to our lives if we coud only learn to spell in one year!

Co-education is far from being adopted. There is a girls' school in Marsovan. The only privilege the boys have is to watch the girls from the dormitory windows as they are coming up to the Sunday morning service in the college chapel, and even this has to be reproved sometimes. One student was expelled for writing a love letter to one of the girls.

We have a saying: "Christmas comes but once a year." In Turkey, and especially in Marsovan, Christmas comes three times a year, but unfortunately all within thirty days' time. First comes the American Christmas on the 25th of December; then the Greek Christmas thirteen days later, that is, the 25th of their December; and last of all is the Armenian Christmas on the 6th of their January, or 19th of our January.

At the Christmas vacation of the college I made my first trip away from Marsovan alone. My mattress was carried to an inn, and I went to Hadji Keuï (as one might spell it in French), or Hadschi Köi (in German fashion). All distances go by hours, and this journey is only four hours. My stock of Turkish was very small. I was to go to the house of a protestant preacher and had a letter of introduction to him. On reaching the city there seemed to be some difficulty in knowing where to go. I could not think of the word for *preacher*, and so I had to wait calmy for the outcome. We came finally to the house of one of the protestants, whose son had been in Anatolia College. Here I was put down and received a welcome. The son knew more English than I did Turkish, and so often acted as interpreter.

They do not hang up stockings nor have Christmas trees, but make more or less formal calls on each other. The sitting room of my host had a carpet on the floor and about as many pictures on the walls as they could hold. There were chairs, but the principal seat was a long one fixed against the wall and running the width of the room. The room was heated by a brazier filled with charcoal, near which the visitors sat with their overcoats on. The visitors rapped at the outer gate, or, as it was usually open on holidays, they came in without rapping. Removing their shoes at the door, unless they wore "Frank" (European) shoes, they touched the chin and forehead with the fingers of the right hand, shook hands with the man of the house, and sitting down touched the chin and forehead to each of the visitors, who returned the salute in the same fashion. Then they asked anxiously about each other's health, after which began a conversation about the weather, crops, etc.

After some minutes the host's daughter came in, carrying on a tray plates of candy and jelly and glasses of water and brandy. Taking a sip of water or brandy, the visitor wished health and prosperity for the man of the house. With some urging the visitor was persuaded to eat a little of the candy, and the man of the house said, "May it be to your health," at the same time bowing and touching his forehead. Then the conversation went on, while some toyed with their beads of amber or meerschaum or bone. After some minutes his daughter come in again, carrying toy cups containing milkless coffee. Each visitor took one and sipped it down with

a loud noise, while the girl stood like a well-trained servant, coming forward now and again to take the empty cups. Some visitors came or went every few minutes. Whenever any one left he would shake hands with the man of the house and as he went out said to him, "remain comfortable," to which the man of the house would reply, "You have come a welcome visitor," (only two words in Turkish.)

At night the mattresses were spread on the floors of various rooms, for they have no special bedrooms. In the morning the bedding was folded and piled in closets. Poor families pile them in one corner of the room almost to the ceiling.

Travelers delight to relate their experiences whether the hearers are attentive or not. So I could fill THE CAMPUS from cover to cover, crowding out even the advertisements. Europe has forced many reforms upon Turkey. Civilization is working in from the sea coast with its evils as well as its good things. Civiliżation will not save Turkey; the religion of Christ will.

H. E. BOYCE, '00.

PORTO RICO.

Puerto Rico, the fair isle of the Borinquens, is indeed a "rich harbor." Not that its wealth, as told in dollars and cents, is great, but that all are rich in peace of mind and contentment. The sky so blue, the sea so wonderful, and the air so balmy, all tend to make the high and low alike feel intensely the "joy of living."

The scenery of the island is very picturesque. Grand old El Moro, at the entrance of the harbor of San Juan, silently stands guard over the little country, its walls beaten ever by the white crested waves of the Atlantic. The rocks along the shore are jagged and rough, showing clearly their volcanic origin. The roads, most of them bad indeed, especially for coaches, lead through a land the beauty of which well repays one for all the jolts he receives. The military road from San Juan to Ponce is, however, a fine one. The country is dotted with hills, queer little mounds like gigantic ant-heaps. In the valleys along the banks of the streams are seen great fields of tobacco, orange groves, clumps of banana trees, and everywhere, palms.

The houses in the towns are built of wood, brick, or stone, and are very much alike. They are two-storied and have balconies, many doors, and no chimneys. Some of them are built with delightful inner courts the walls of which are of stone. The tops of these walls are covered with broken glass laid in cement. Many of the houses are very comfortable, being fitted with bath rooms and electric lights.

The huts in the country, however, are not at all of this class. They are built of a few boards, dried grass, and palm leaves, and are exceedingly small. Moreover, it seems to the passer-by that the smaller the hut, the larger is the family which resides therein. These rural cottages are set upon stakes a foot or two high. Under the house sleep the pigs, chickens, etc. This fact explains why one child asked in school the question, "How many chickens have you under your house?"

The Plaza is the center of every town, and around it are the stores and public buildings, of which the largest

and most imposing is the "Iglesia Catolica." The Spanish Casino is the next most important building. *La Selecta*, belongs to the "Casino" and, incidentally, I might add that this is where the young men manage to get rid of their superfluous money over the card table. In the Casino are held the balls and private concerts. One can always pick out the building by the Spanish flag which waves over it. In the cities there are theatres where one can occasionally see good Spanish plays. The Porto Rican audience is very enthusiastic, though critical. Now you hear cries of "*Muy bien! Muy bien!* and a few minutes later, hisses.

The Plazas are the "Parks" of Porto Rico. Here the people promenade in the evenings beneath the soft light of the Southern moon. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a tropical night. Overhead glow the stars, of which the most brilliant are the five which form that grand mysterious constellation—the Southern Cross. All around are the quaint streets, the open houses, and the scented gardens. And the sounds are, perhaps, best of all,—the strains of violin and guitar, the rasp of the "güiro," and the low laugh mingling with the musical voices of these Spanish-speaking Americans.

The people of Porto Rico are veritable "children of pleasure." They enjoy themselves to-day with no thought for to-morrow. They are generous and polite. They are ready upon all occasions to sacrifice truth in order to be courteous. In fact, you cannot depend very much upon anything they do say. Many of these Porto Ricans are beautiful, and all are graceful. The women are considered greatly inferior in intellect to the men. The home is certainly considered the sphere of these Senoras and Senoritas. Family affection is very strong. The members of a family are ready to go without enough to eat in order to buy a pretty festival dress for a child. Also, all relatives are cordially welcomed by the Portorriqueno and, if necessary, they are taken care of. Nearly every family includes a grandfather, grandmother, maiden aunt, and several cousins. But to *all* people the Porto Rican says, "*Mi casa es omestra.*"

The American who lands in Porto Rico with no knowledge of Spanish has funny experiences. He does not seem to be able to find a single English-speaking person. However, such is the irony of fate that, after he struggles bravely and learns Spanish, he can then find many who "speaka the Inglis." An American went into a store the other day to buy a broom. He began to walk around the store, attempting with great difficulty to imitate a person sweeping. The clerk and all in the store looked on in wonder and tried to make out what the man was trying to do. A crowd collected and still the American swept. Finally during his "sweeping tour" he spied in a corner a broom. He rushed to it and showed it to the clerk. "Oh," said the Portarriquêno in perfect English, "you want a broom." Let me add that this is not always the way things happen here.

I look back upon my arrival and my first experiences with much enjoyment. When we American teachers arrived in Arecibo, we decided that it would be utterly beyond our power of endurance to live with a Porto Rican family. We could not bear the children, dogs, fleas, and gabbling servants.

Therefore we hired a house. The day we moved our trunks and our few pieces of hired furniture into our house, we were assisted by all the men, women, children, dogs, and cats, that resided on the street where our home was situated. No one understood any one else, and signs, gesticulations, and drawings even, were the order of the day. For days, wherever we went we were followed by a crowd. There was one consolation however—we did not know when a beggar asked for "*un centavo*."

Some of their customs are very interesting, and those pertaining to death are strange and in many instances weird. The "Raising of the Host" is rather an awesome spectacle. When a person is thought to be dying, the priest is summoned without delay. He hurries through the streets, uttering prayers and raising at intervals the cross which he carries. As he passes, all the people instantly leave their work and hasten to light their candles which they place in their doors.

One holy day, a man, masked and dressed like a woman, paraded through the streets on very high stilts. He balanced himself very cleverly. He was called a "Saint" and everyone was supposed to give him money.

When a fisherman kills a shark he has it carried through the streets, so that the people may see what he has done and express their gratitude by giving him a few cents.

The beggars are very numerous. Saturday is known as "Beggars' Day." Then the stairways are filled, it sometimes seems, with all sorts and conditions of people. One day while we were eating breakfast, a man entered, fell on his knees at our feet, blessed us, and asked us in the name of "Maria" for money. Another woman begged for clothes, and the next day she returned bringing me a dress waist which I had given her and asked me to mend it.

If one does not wish to give to the begger, he must never say "no," for that would be an insult. He must say, "*Pardone me.*"

Of all fiestas, El Carnival is the gayest. Then the people are wild with enjoyment. Strange masked figures throng the streets. The Queen rides in her chariot through the city, and all throw papilitos, powder, perfume, and flowers. Some do not wear masks but have their faces gaudily painted.

In many places there is a strong anti-American spirit. This is perhaps strongest in Arecibo. The politicians, their followers, and the Spanish families, are the ones who are most opposed to the American domination. It is thought by many that there is only needed a leader—that then there would be an insurrection. Whenever for any reason there is great excitement, or a mob sets out, the American flag is torn down and dragged through the streets.

However, the people are glad to send their children to the English schools. At present there are quite a number of schools where all branches of study are taught in English. It is truly wonderful how well the children do, for it can be no easy matter to recite arithmetic, geography, etc., in a foreign tongue. The best scholars are sent to the English schools, for this is really an experiment. And I think that all see that they cannot help but learn English when they are taught in this way. We hear some queer Eng-

lish, it is true, but the work is very interesting.

The Porto Ricans seem to wish to have a government like that of Cuba. Of course they have their side of the argument, as well as we. In time, without doubt, we shall see Porto Rico as prosperous and as happy as Vermont or any other of our dear old States. How could it be otherwise in a land over which "Old Glory" waves.

MAUDE M. TUCKER, '04.

Arecibo, P. R., Mar. 19, 1906.

THE ENGLISH ATHLETIC SYSTEM.

It has been suggested that readers of THE CAMPUS would be interested in learning something more about that system of English athletics concerning which so much has been said and written in the past. Accordingly, this article is an attempt to give an idea of the system as a whole, together with a few facts regarding particular sports, such as one would gather from watching the games or occasionally participating in them. It is not expected that after the reading of this article the college gridiron will be converted into a cricket field, or that class eights will disturb the tranquil quiet of the sleepy Otter and endanger the lives of the devotees of the rowboat; but it is hoped that herein is contained some slight appreciation of that Oxford spirit which makes life here so pleasurable.

There is much in English sport that seems almost ideal. The system not only gives a *chance* for everyone to enjoy some form of recreation, but furthermore, almost everyone *is taking part* in one or another of the various sports going on every afternoon.

In a lecture given for the benefit of the athletic association, I once heard a Middlebury professor criticise our athletic system because all were compelled to supply the funds to support teams of nine or eleven men, while the rest of the students received no athletic training whatever. I am afraid I did not fully appreciate the criticism at the time; I used to think that if a man really wanted to play any of the games, there were plenty of opportunities for him. Perhaps that may be so, but over here the criticism can be appreciated more fully. There is not only a chance for every man, but every man is expected and encouraged to get out for a couple of hours of sport each day. During the first week of the fall term, the captain of each team goes around to the different rooms and invites the men out to try for the team. Often the question is heard, "What are you doing now?" and the answer is "Hockey," or "Tennis," or whatever it may be. Such a question never refers to studies, for then the questioner asks, "What school are you reading for?" The tutor frequently turns the conversation from studies to athletics, discussing the probabilities of success or failure of the team in which the student is interested, and often giving suggestions from his own experience. Nor is the interest of the Dons merely passive; they are often out in the parks to watch the various games, and more frequently are playing themselves, or are astride of horse or wheel racing down the towpath and yelling through the megaphone at the crew. In fact, an Exeter Don stroked a scratch eight one day in practice, when the captain of the boats desired to try the pace of the torpid and had only seven eightsmen for the second boat.

Then again, that bane of American college sport, professionalism, is never heard of. I have only once heard the word referred to, and that exception most fully confirms the rule. Some wild-cat paper published an editorial entitled, "Are Rhodes Scholars Professionals?" The basis of the argument was that we receive money for attending the University and consequently should not be allowed to play on any of the college teams. A varsity paper effectually disposed of this somewhat absurd argument, but the general attitude seems to be that the average Oxonian would not play in a college game with or against a professional, any sooner than a Southerner would play on a team with a negro.

Another point worth noticing, and one which partly explains the foregoing, is that the desire to win is not so predominant as to destroy the pleasure itself. There is much that is admirable in that Yankee spirit—the determination to succeed, and the concentration of every effort and faculty to win the prize. It has made a successful nation of us; but when it reaches the bound-to-win-at-any-cost idea, when playing the game is secondary to winning the game, then sport for its own sake ceases to be enjoyable. To the Englishman the game is of primary importance; he strives first to "play in good form," and then he plays hard. If he wins, good; if he loses, never mind. He's a true sport and it's, "Well played, old man," or "Well rowed, Exeter," just the same. It is hard for one unacquainted with English athletics to understand how much this adds to the pleasure of the game. The referee's life and limbs are never in danger; his decision on a doubtful point is generally accepted without the slightest argument, and the game goes on with hardly a pause. I wonder if my meaning would be clearer if I said the Englishman's desire to win is "extensive" rather than "intensive." Day after day, week in and week out, the captain and coaches drill and coach patiently and carefully what material they can get, and when the struggle comes, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Endurance and training count for a great deal.

These and numerous other features make English sport attractive and cause one to wish that these ideas could be introduced into our own colleges. But a study of the whole system reveals characteristics peculiar to England which especially encourage athletics. I have spoken before of the deadly English climate which forces every man to get out and exercise daily if he would keep himself fit for work. Up among the Vermont hills in the clear, keen air, you know nothing of the heavy oppressive atmosphere of Oxford, which causes the blood to run slower and the spirits to droop. The cold morning bath is not a custom entirely due to an extreme desire for cleanliness, nor are Englishmen great pedestrians and cross-country runners solely from their love of outdoor exercise—it is largely a case of necessity. And so athletics occupy a more prominent and necessary place in England than in America.

Then again, the matter of expense is disregarded. Every college has an association known as the Amalgamated Clubs, governed by a committee consisting of the captains from the various

clubs. Almost every student is a member of this association, paying a terminal subscription of from one to two pounds. This bill is included in the terminal battles and is collected by the college. Thus the "Amalgamated" is an association for financing the different athletic and musical clubs of the college. The expenses in many respects are not heavy, for professional coaches are never employed and traveling expenses are very light. Since there are twenty other colleges to play against in the same city, the varsity teams are the only ones to make many trips.

Another point is that football or hockey or rowing is no new game for most of the undergraduates. Nine-tenths of the men have come up from the great public schools like Eton, Rugby, or Harrow, and each man has been playing his favorite game since he was twelve or thirteen. In fact he has, perhaps, been playing on a better team in the public school than he finds at his college. This is well illustrated by the fact that Eton and Radley, the two great rowing schools, have better eights than the average college and often send up men who make their blue in the varsity eight during their first year. The present stroke of the Varsity is a freshman from Eton.

Now contrast these points with the difficulties which meet the athlete in the small college in America. The average student often does not have a very thorough knowledge of athletics when he comes to college; he is poor and cannot afford either the time or the money for long trips to play other colleges; he must hire a coach; and, finally, the climate does not so imperatively require that he should take exercise and limits his time to two months in the fall and the same in the spring. But for the Englishman, the thick turf is green and soft the whole year round.

So far this article has been very general in its tone. I wish I could give you a good idea of Oxford life from lunch till tea every afternoon. Every college has its football and cricket-grounds in the University park or on the outskirts of the city, perhaps a mile or two from college but easily reached by tram or wheel, and down beyond the Christ church meadows are the college barges on the Thames which glories in the classic name of Isis as it flows by Oxford. Every afternoon at about one-thirty the men start out in costume by wheel or bus or tram. Here let me describe the athletic costume, — a pair of heavy leather shoes for football or canvas shoes for boating, golf stockings, white shorts for boating and dark blue for hockey and "footer," a gauze-like zephyr with short sleeves, and a medium-weight white sweater. This is the usual costume. Stripped of his sweater during the game, the player has free use of every muscle, and though the March wind is blowing about his knees and the referee is shivering in his overcoat, the game is fast enough so that he suffers little from the cold. Unless it is a varsity game, no admittance fee is charged, and there are no spectators except a few "townies" and loafers and perhaps a curious Rhodes scholar. Everybody else is busy playing in his own game in another place. Americans are charged with originating and using slang, and we must acknowledge the truth of the charge. But pray, do not think that there is such a

thing as slang in Oxford, because the Oxonian speaks of his "bedder" and "sitter," of the "prog. and his bullers," and of the examination in Holy Scriptures as "divvers"—that is "only his way of speaking"—and so you will pardon me if I speak of American football as "soccer," and the Rugby union game as "rugger." Soccer occupies the same place in England that baseball does in America, having been so developed by professional players that the attendance at a professional game is sometimes as high as sixty thousand. Eleven men are played in soccer. The ball is round, not oval, and is never carried; in fact it cannot be touched with the hands except by the goal-keepers or when out of bounds. A goal is made whenever the ball is kicked *under* the cross-bar into a net behind the goal posts. It is a delightful game to watch, for the ball is always in sight, and the way in which a skilled player can charge down the field at full speed "dribbling" the ball before him by light taps with his feet, is remarkable. In tackling, a player is seldom thrown, as all use of the arms is forbidden, and as speed and skillful foot-work are more valuable than mere weight and strength, the game would be especially admirable for small colleges. I believe Columbia is attempting to introduce the game in place of American football.

In rugger fifteen men are played on a side. The game is more like the American game in that the oval ball is used and is carried, and the player carrying the ball may be tackled and thrown. Touchdowns and goals are made in practically the same manner as in America. The greatest difference is the formation of the scrum which, however, takes practically the same place as the seven men in our line.

Hockey is played in the same field and with almost the same rules as soccer, so that many times a soccer player is also a member of the hockey club—playing hockey three days a week. Cricket is played during the spring term and so I cannot say much regarding the game, but though there are more spectators at a game of cricket than at a game of football, the game is by no means as popular as football, even among professionals.

A few Americans have played soccer, rugger, and hockey, and in some cases have become brilliant players, but as they are handicapped by a lack of previous knowledge of the game, most of them have confined themselves to tennis, track athletics, and especially rowing, since the rowing coaches prefer a man who knows nothing about an oar to one who has learned some stroke different from that taught by them. In the spring, however, when the cricket season commences, the American is left without any game to play but tennis, and tennis six days a week becomes tiresome. There are quite a number of baseball enthusiasts among the Rhodes men and an attempt was made last spring to play the game, but it failed chiefly because there were not enough players to form two good teams. This spring a more determined effort will be made to play games between the first and second year men. It is believed that if properly introduced the game will become popular among Oxonians. An Exeter man accompanied a cricket team to America last year and wrote a most interesting account of his experiences for the college magazine. His

account of a professional baseball game witnessed at Philadelphia is very amusing. He comments upon our use of substitutes. In England these are never used; if a player is hurt or is ordered from the field by the referee, his side plays one man short, or occasionally an opponent is required to pair off with him. Let me quote a sentence or two from the cricket man's account of the baseball game: "It is a wonderfully good game to watch, especially for the first time, and what struck one most was the wonderful accuracy of the throwing which was always hard and dead straight (?), and that of the catching —so rare are missed catches that any player who missed one would, I imagine, stand small chance of escaping from the 'pitch' without a very forcible remonstrance of some kind from the crowd. The referee's lot is hardly an enviable one for, in addition to being liable to be assaulted by an indignant player or spectator, he has to stand motionless, though protected by a mask, straight in front of the pitcher, his safety depending upon the combined skill of 'batter' and 'catcher' who corresponds to the 'stumper' in cricket." ... But it is very hard to introduce anything new into England. A. G. Spalding is said to have sunk $30,000 in an attempt to introduce baseball into England, and a good story is told giving the reason why he failed. He arranged for an exhibition match between American professional teams, to be played in London before the king. During the game Spalding sat in the royal box, and when a remarkably brilliant stop and throw to first was made by the shortstop, with all his American enthusiasm, Spalding brought his hand down with a whack on the royal knee exclaiming, "How's that!" I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but it is said that this irreverent conduct, combined with the profanity of the hired players, disgusted the Englishmen so that the game has never been a success over here. And that brings up another point which I gladly mention. The use of foul language of any sort, even during the excitement of an athletic contest, is very rare indeed. I once heard a coach berating his crew on the river in the following language: "Your appallingly slow in getting away with your hands." I tried to imagine what many American coaches would have said under similar circumstances.

I have taken up so much space regarding the field games, that I can only speak very briefly concerning what is perhaps the most popular and best sport in Oxford—rowing. The river is not much larger than the Otter, so the races are run in three divisions of about nine boats each—not the regular side by side races, but bumping races as they are called. The boats are started exactly one hundred twenty feet apart, and when one boat overtakes and bumps another those two pull out of the course and on the following day change places in the race. The races last six days and the enthusiasm is tremendous. Out in the long, slender, cedar shell, the eight men are pulling together like a huge machine, while crouched in the stern is the little cox—tiller ropes in hand, swaying back and forth with each leap of the boat, and sometimes yelling like a madman at men who are twice his size yet who obey him implicitly. Then on the towpath is a bunch of twenty or

more men running beside each boat, splashing mud over themselves and everyone else, and yelling like a crowd of "rooters" at an American baseball game. But when one boat commences to close up on another, the excitement is more intense, if that is possible. The crew in front needs no warning; the stroke sees his danger and quickens his speed, if possible, while the rear crew feels that "it is up to them" in American parlance. Slowly the bow of the pursuers creeps past the rudder of the victim; at each stroke the front boat seems to draw away; but steadily gaining a little by each stroke, the pursuers creep up until the cox, blowing a shrill blast on his whistle as a signal to his crew to put all their remaining energy into the last few strokes, throws his rudder over, and when the cox in front feels the slight shock of the bow touching the side of his boat, he throws up his hand as a signal of defeat. Then when the winners paddle up to their barge, a tremendous ovation greets them; revolvers are fired, and the applause is loud and prolonged; nor does the applause for the gritty crew, which has fought a losing fight every inch of the half or three-quarters of a mile, seem less hearty. But how greatly does even the best college torpid fall in our estimation when the varsity eight goes by like a great smooth-running machine, preparing for the race against Cambridge in April. All the fall and winter they have practiced daily; they are the pick of the best manhood of the University; and they seem to row without the slightest effort. The varsity crew always has the right of way on the river, and any college whose boat is so unfortunate as to hold up the varsity crew is heavily fined. Even here a professional coach is never employed; an old blue gives his time and service freely to the University that she may have a successful crew in April.

I realize that I have occupied a great deal of space and yet have only touched upon the subject in a very superficial manner. There are evils in Oxford athletics as well as numerous good points but, judging from results, the system is part of the Oxford idea which has produced and is still producing men of great mental ability combined with a physique capable of the greatest endurance—and that too amidst fogs and damps which are far from being conducive to great physical or mental vigor.

HARRIS H. HOLT, '05.
Exeter College, Oxford.

A JAP'S TRIP TO THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION.

"Did you have good time?" nearly every body asked me when I came back from Nashville, Tenn., where I attended the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement. The question, however, made me feel tired and disappointed, for really it meant hardly anything to me and besides I did not go to Nashville to have so called "good time." But this having been the question of the most of my friends, it may be proper to answer it here, for sometimes "good time" and good many other idiomatic expressions in this country mean vastly more than we foreigners can understand.

A little after eleven o'clock I was glad to leave the Middlebury depot,

for it was a cold and chilly night with the usual icy north wind. The short trip to Boston was as eventless as the rest of all my trip to South, except at a station about three o'clock in the morning. Two young women who went out to get a lunch were left behind, perhaps because, as the majority of young women are at the present age, they were talking and eating too much with little thought and care for themselves and for others. A gentleman who seemed to be their friend gathered, however, without any complain, but rather with amiable smile, their muffs, furs and dress suit cases, and left the train at next station in order to wait for them who I hoped for his sake would not fail to come by next train.

As the steamer Ontario of Merchant & Miner Trans. Co. was to leave Boston harbor at half past three of Saturday afternoon, February twenty-fourth, I went into the steamer at three o'clock, and for a little while watched from the deck how the workmen carried some cargoes to the steamer on their little hand wagons of two wheels. The majority of them were foreigners and they were large and strong, but were lacking especially in their culture, and if these men are going to pour into this country by thousands each month and going to stay and live in large cities, no one will doubt the question of immigrants is very serious and is not easy to be solved. But some of these men had decidedly bright, wholesome, and intelligent faces with the healthy bodies, and I would not be surprised even if the second Lincoln and Garfield would come out from among the children of these men.

At four o'clock the steamer left the harbor, and we bid farewell to the city and some college students who came to the wharf to see their friends off. There were in the steamer some fifty delegates from different New England colleges to the convention, and all of them were brilliant, strong, and intelligent looking students, and made me feel confident of the future success of the Student Volunteer Movement. If these young men and women of college are interested in the work and they are going to be men and women who are actually going to help the missionary work, I could see no other way than the movement should accomplish its object and give thanks, praise, and glory to Him who revealed himself through the lofty personality and self-sacrificing love of the most prayerful man, our Lord Jesus. When the men and women on the wharf who were waving their hands and handkerchiefs became indistinct, and the surrounding ever changing sceneries became rather tiresome, we were busy with conversation, and each of us hoped to be a strong sailor, for the east wind was beginning to blow hard and harder as the steamer was entering into the main ocean, and she commenced to be tossed and shaken by some heavy waves. At supper table, however, there were not all delegates, and only a few enjoyed the splendid menu which the captain of the steamer kindly provided for us, and a chosen few could attend to the sociable prepared by the Harvard delegates, to which all delegates were invited. The night was clear, but bitter cold, and my thought went to the pilot who for the sake of our safety was discharging his duty most faithfully, walking to and fro across the deck of the bow. How hard it must be for him when it

is a cold, dark, and stormy night, and the deck is covered with ice and frequently washed by icy water. During the night, whenever I heard the half hour bell for the pilot, I sympathized for him, and yet I thought that he might have been doing his duty simply bread's sake, and I couldn't help thinking and thanking to our spiritual pilot. It is hard to understand why some men who feel thankful to a pilot when they are in a steamer, should not even feel grateful to their spiritual pilot who is always guiding them "through the tempestuous sea of life."

On the Sunday morning, Miss Stone gave us a talk about her experience in Turkey, which was very interesting, although a few of us did not feel comfortable to listen, as the steamer tossed and shook, but the most of us enjoyed and wished her talk was longer. This kind of exciting and thrilling experiences of missionary, however, might cause some conservative people to think that missionaries are those who seek some adventures for their interest, and I am sorry to say that I heard actually one man expressed the same idea to me when I was in a train. In the afternoon I was very surprised to have heard some college yells and songs, and was amazed with the free use of the Sabbath by some young men and women. It may be right to spend the part of the holy day for our physical recreation, but a quiet manner is more appropriate.

Monday morning at six, we were at Norfolk, Va., and I was anxious to get the first glimpse of the Southern state. The city was in the morning mist and I could see only some high church steeples and dark pine forests here and there along the shore. A little steamer passed by us and there was no white man on the board, but the black, and they were dirty and filthy and the shapes of their heads were singularly peculiar and very poor, that I hardly could imagine that they could be made very intelligent creatures. But if patience, time and money, will be given to these people to be educated, they will be made useful men and women, for the negroes in South are very different from those in North, and the difference is the result of their environment. A short drive brought us to another wharf from which a steamboat transported us to a Southern railroad station. It was a very small boat, but was divided into two sections, one for the whites, and the other for the colored, and this kind of distinction was seen in train, in car, and in every public place except church. The trip through part of Virginia and North Carolina was very monotonous, for cutivated red clay soil, muddy rivers and streams, a few pine forests, poor little negroes cabins, mules, fat black pigs running even through streets, and black men, were all to be seen. The scenery through the Smoky Mountains was very beautiful and our train went up and up and up until we reached to the summit, and then the water began to run another direction and the train ran along a river about twenty or thirty miles. In some place we could see the railroad up above our head, and when we came to the place we could look down where we came by, and one of passengers reminded me that this was the finest engineering to be seen around the South.

I arrived Chattanooga early Tuesday morning and spent a few hours to

go up and see Lookout Mountain which was located at the end of the city. It was very steep and rocky and an incline railway takes travelers to its summit, and in some place the grade was sixty-seven feet in one hundred. In a clear day, seven states are seen from a rock on the mountain, and the extensive and majestic view is perfectly magnificent, and some one told me that the mountain with its surrounding land was going to be a national park. Leaving Chattanooga about two o'clock in the afternoon, I was glad to reach Nashville at the evening of the same day. The scenery between the two cities was very attractive, and when I saw the bamboo bushes growing on the banks of Tennessee River, my thoughts went back to the days in Japan. The river was of course muddy, unlike to those in my country, but one stream pleased me very much, for it was the only clear stream I saw in South and it flowed into the muddy river, keeping itself clear and pure by ever flowing its crystal water into the other, and it may be well for us to learn some lessons from the stream.

At Nashville I was cordially welcomed and was taken to Wesley Hall in Vanderbilt University, where some seventeen oriental students who came as delegates from different institutions were going to stay. These students held their own prayer meeting in a lecture room in the building during the convention every morning from seven to half past seven, and English was chosen as the official language, for among the students four nations were represented and Japanese couldn't speak Koreans, and Chinese, Hindoos.

The first session of the convention was held at the Ryman Auditorium at three o'clock of Wednesday afternoon, and though it had the capacity of holding 5,000 people, many were not able to get seats. The building was simply but elegantly decorated by the flags of different nations, and at the back of the platform was a great map of the world, and over it was stretched a white cloth with these words: "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." On the platform were men and women who dedicated their lives for Lord's sake and who spoke to us "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." The audience were the picked young men and women of higher institutions who came and were sent here to receive the messages of godly men, so that they might become the force among their fellow students and bring about "the evangelization of the world." It was a majestic and impressive sight. The speakers of the session were Mr. John R. Mott and Mr. Robert E. Speer, the two great leaders of students. At the end of the session, as any other sessions which followed, every one was asked to spend a few minutes in silent prayer, before he would leave the building, and this spirit of prayer was the most important characteristic of the convention.

The second session was held in the same building at eight o'clock, and at the end of the session, as at every evening session, a little card with some quotations from Bible was given to each individual, so that he might get some suggestions from the words while he is observing morning watch, and the thought of everyone might centre on one subject at the morning watch.

On Thursday, from seven to half

past seven, there was the prayer meeting by oriental students, and then to eight another prayer meeting in the chapel by the students in Wesley Hall, to which we were invited, and then from half past nine to twelve the morning session in the Ryman Auditorium, and from three to five the afternoon session which was held at different churches for different subjects, and then the evening session from eight to ten. All of these meetings were very inspiring, and gave me deep impression and conviction that I must give up first myself to God before anything and must do whatever He wishes me to do. But at the end of Friday I was nearly exhausted, and on Saturday I was obliged to stay in my room quietly till evening. The most impressive sessions were the morning and evening. At the last session of Sunday, there were many who wept and sobbed and gave themselves to God.

I am thankful that I had this opportunity to attend the convention, and if the volunteers keep the spirit which they possess now and which I hope they will, the movement will accomplish a great, good result. But as already repeated in the past, if these men and women forget their original purpose and seek after worldly fame and gain, then it will be the time for the movement to drop away and another organization to take its place. But will such a time come? It all depends upon the men and women who are and will work in and for the movement.

The convention was the largest ever held and seven hundred higher institutions both in the United States and Canada were represented and nearly 3,500 delegates were sent, and yet it was said that many who had applied to admission were obliged to stay home, for they could not be accommodated. At the end of one evening's session, a collection was made, and within fifteen minutes delegates pledged $21,000 annually for next four year's to support the work of the movement in foreign field.

My returning trip was through the same route as my first one, only I didn't see the same place twice, for the place where I passed before in day time, this time I passed in night. As I had half day at Norfolk, I went to visit Old Point Comfort and Hampton Institution, and I wished there were such a institution for some white people, for it is a good things for young men and women to begin to learn in school how to earn their living by their actual labor, not merely talking of the matter. Students in schools and colleges can and do talk, but only a few can and do work.

Our steamer left Norfolk Tuesday evening and arrived Boston Thursday morning, and all delegates went back to their own colleges to give the messages of what they saw and heard among their fellow students, and I suppose they were also asked, "Did you have good time?"

YOSHIMITSU SUZUKI, '07.
(From Otsu Omi, Japan.)

A letter from Miss Blake, dated, Aintab, Turkey in Asia, March 22, gives this description of Turkish spring weather: "Only last Sunday, we had a regular New England blizzard, blustering north winds piling the snow in drifts, in some places seven or eight feet high. Yet the snow fell on thousands of little flowers."

[LINES SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO BREAD LOAF INN.]

SUMMER NIGHT.

I

The little birds are sleeping
  In yonder shady trees;
And silent is the droning,
  The humming of the bees.
The frolic breeze blows gently;
  The sunbeam fades away;
The brook flows onward, slowly,
  And sings a dreamy lay.

II.

The evening shades are falling;
  The sky awakes to light;
The moon comes gently sailing
  Through starry summer night.
I feel a thrill of rapture—
  Mysterious sounds draw near;
The wood-nymphs sweetly murmur
  And rustle through the air.

III.

This hour of sweetest dreaming
  Stills all my earthly woe,
The heart's unspoken longing,
  And passion's stormy throe.
I love this nook, sequestered
  'Mid scenes that offer rest;
O, babbling brook, flow onward—
  Let peace dwell in my breast.

SOMMERNACHT.

I.

Die Vöglein alle schweigen
  Im abendkühlen Hain.
Der Bienlein muntrer Reigen
  Verstummt auf Moos und Rain.
Ein lindes Lüftlein wehet;
  Der Sonne Strahl verschied;
Die Quelle leise rauschet
  Ihr träumend Abendlied.

II.

Die Abendschatten fallen;
  Die Sternlein sind erwacht;
Der Mond sich's lässt gefallen
  In holder Sommernacht.
Ein wonniges Empfinden
  Durchrieselt mir die Brust;
Wo Nymphen singend schwinden,
  Da herrschet Herzenslust.

III.

Es löst in süssen Träumen
  Sich all mein Erdenweh,
Des Herzens wildes Bäumen,
  Der Wünsche stürmsche See.
Es bannet mich zur Stelle
  Ein Engel sanfter Ruh.
O! rausche, liebe Quelle
  Mir ew'gen Frieden zu.

NUIT D'ÉTÉ.

I.

Les oiseaux du rivage,
  Les bourdonnants bourdons,
Dorment dans le feuillage
  D'avoisinants buissons.
Le zéphyr qui murmure
  N'en trouble le repos;
Le ruisseau, d'aventure,
  Chante ses doux propos.

II.

Le jour est sur la brune;
  Les astres en gaîté
S'en viennent au clair de lune
  Fêter la nuit d'été.
Je frissonne d'ivresse;
  Le chant mélodieux
De fée enchanteresse
  Remplit ces charmants lieux.

III.

Mes tourments sur la terre
  S'envolent dans la nuit;
Du coeur qui désespère
  Tout noir souci s'enfuit.
J'aime ce voisinage,
  Ce règne exquis de paix;
Poursuis ton babillage
  Ruisseau, tu me distrais.

THEODORE HENCKELS.

BULLETIN.

Herbert E. Boyce, '00, has been appointed to the position in the library made vacant by the death of Doctor Prentiss.

The coming Commencement promises to be one of unusual interest, and will repay an extra effort to be present. The sophomore class is trying to arrange a debate with the sophomores of Dartmouth College, to be held Friday evening, June 22nd. On Sunday morning, June 24th., the Baccalaureate Sermon will be preached by President Brainerd. The Anniversary Address to the College Christian Associations will be given that evening by Professor George N. Boardman, D. D., LL. D., of the class of 1847. Doctor Boardman is one of our most able alumni, having served for twenty-two years as professor of systematic theology at Chicago University. It is expected that he will take for his subject the character of Doctor Merrill, who was for over forty years the pastor of the Congregational Church at Middlebury, a man of influence throughout the state, and a typical representative of the early New England ministers.

The Class Day exercises will be held on the college campus on the forenoon of Monday, June 25th. That evening there will probably be a concert by the college glee club. The club is being trained by Professor Rodeheaver, and a very pleasant evening may be expected.

On Tuesday forenoon, at 10:00 o'clock, the preliminary meeting of the Associated Alumni will be held at the college chapel. At 11:00 o'clock, the Alumni Day exercises will take place at the Congregational Church. The address will be given by Professor A. D. Mead, Ph. D., of Brown University, and the poem by Rev. J. E. Mead, A. B., '90, of Troy, N. Y. Professor Mead did post graduate work at Clark University and at Chicago University. He has been connected with the biological department of Brown University since 1895. Rev. J. E. Mead was for five years at Burlington, Vt., and is now pastor of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of Troy.

On Tuesday afternoon, the Phi Beta Kappa Society will hold its annual meeting at the college chapel, and the faculty tea will be given in the Starr Library. In the evening, the Parker and Merrill Prize Speaking will take place at the church.

Wednesday, Commencement Day, will begin with the adjourned meeting of the Associated Alumni at 8:30 o'clock in the college chapel. At this meeting the officers for the following year, and the orator and poet for the next Alumni Day, will be elected, reports of various committees will be acted upon, and whatever other business may come before the association will be transacted. At 10:30 o'clock, the Commencement Exercises will be held at the Congregational church.

The Commencement Dinner will be given at the Addison House at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. In the evening from 8:00 to 11:00 o'clock, the President's Reception will take place at his home on Seminary Street. There will also be the Commencement Concert at the Congregational Church, and the dance given by the graduating class in the town hall.

COLLEGE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. M. C. A.

The association year which has just closed has been filled with great interest and blessing. The attendance at our weekly student meetings has been good, and a general interest was manifest throughout. One of the interesting features during the past term has been our Bible and Mission Study Classes. The latter course, under the leadership of Mr. Suzuki, has been especially interesting and instructive. His intimate knowledge of the geography and customs of Japan has aided much in the study of that country. On the whole, our Bible work has given us a clearer insight into the scriptural interpretation of Christian manhood. A very inspiring and helpful account of the Nashville Convention was given by the delegates on the closing Sunday of last term. The picture of the convention hall with its noted speakers, and the crying need of aid in foreign lands, were ably presented. Few of us could feel indifferent as we heard extracts from the various addresses, emphasizing the claims upon our American manhood for a life of sacrifice. A novel feature of the occasion was a selection by the college quartette.

The retiring officers of the association, while they have a sense of regret that a larger work has not been accomplished during their term of office, still are grateful indeed for the coöperation and help given by the members of the association and those interested in its welfare. We bespeak for the newly elected officers a year of success and spiritual uplift.

The officers for the coming year are as follows :

President, C. Lisle Percy, '07 ; Vice-President, J. M. D. Olmsted, '07 ; Secretary and Treasurer, H. M. Hall, '09.

Y. W. C. A.

At the annual meeting of the association, held March 1, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected : President, Mary L. Pratt ; Vice-President, Grace B. Hammond ; Secretary, Grace S. Buttolph ; Treasurer, Sarah A. Ward.

The other cabinet members are as follows : Dovotional Committee, Mabel E. Stevenson ; Bible Study, Marguerite Harwood ; Social, Caroline Clark ; Missionary, Alice B. Sears ; Intercollegiate, Margaret Whitney.

The association has lately chosen an Advisory Board consisting of Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Bryant, and Mrs. Burrage, with Mrs. Ezra Brainerd as honorary member.

Miss Margaret Matthews, Student Secretary of the New England Committee, spent a few days at college, April 18-21.

An informal reception for Miss Matthew was given at Battell Hall, on Friday evening, April 20. The program consisted of music and reading by Miss Hughes and Miss McLeod.

The association wishes to thank all those who by their generous contributions made possible the sending of two representatives to the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28–March 4. The delegates sent were Mary L. Pratt, '07, and Alice B. Sears, '09.

On Sunday afternoon, March 18, the delegates from both associations gave reports of the convention at an open meeting held in the chapel. Miss Sears spoke of Nashville and the personnel of the convention; Mr. Peach, of the needs of the field; Miss Pratt, of the Student Volunteer Movement and the personal attitude toward Christ; and Mr. Suzuki, of the kind of volunteers needed for the field.

FRATERNITIES.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

Mrs. W. W. Eaton has presented the fraternity with a large picture of Professor Eaton. It is very fitting that a picture of Professor Eaton should be hung on the walls of the house he built and of which he was justly proud. The chapter is very grateful to Mrs. Eaton for the interest she has shown, and will always remember Professor Eaton with the deepest regard.

The Dekes are to have a reunion this Commencement to dedicate their new house. They expect that a large number of their alumni will assist in the house warming.

DELTA UPSILON.

Guy H. Fisher, '08, who left college in February on account of sickness, is back again this term.

Easter vacations enabled Noble, '03, G. Weld, '04, Wilson, '04, and C. Weld, '05, to make visits to Middlebury. The last two happened to come at a convenient time when a dance could be given in their honor.

Delta U. Hall now boasts a six by eight foot fraternity banner, the gift of the senior delegation.

A card party was given by the chapter on the evening of April 26. Various amusements were provided for those who did not play cards. Twenty-four couples were present.

Samuel B. Botsford, '00, recently visited Middlebury. He is chairman of the committee which is preparing for the Delta Upsilon National Convention to be held at Middlebury in October, 1906.

The Middlebury Chapter of Delta Upsilon mourns the loss of a wise counselor, personal friend, and loyal brother, Charles E. Prentiss, '64. He was taken from us in the midst of a life of energetic and unselfish devotion to the interests of the college. But the divine will is over all and only humble acquiescence is becoming to men. The chapter extends to the sorrowing family a sympathy born of the sorrow shared with them.

For the Chapter:

D. Ashley Hooker, '06,
C. Lisle Percy, '07,
Eugene L. Eddy, '08.

KAPPA DELTA RHO.

The members of Kappa Delta Rho entertained a number of the young ladies from the different classes at the chapter rooms on March 9. Games and music were the principal features. Professor and Mrs. Howard were present.

ALPHA CHI.

On Saturday evening, February 24, Alpha Zeta of Alpha Chi entertained a number of the young men of the college at a dance in Masonic Hall. The party was chaperoned by Professor and Mrs. Henckels.

Miss Eunice Smith of Worcester, Mass., was the guest of her sisters, Misses Pauline and Anne Smith, during the week of the Washington's Birthday Banquet.

The engagement of Miss Beatrice Miner, '08, to Mr. Elmer L. Briggs of Boston, was announced in March.

Alpha Zeta of Alpha Chi gave an informal dinner in their chapter rooms on Friday, April 13, for the town alumnae and Miss Alice Brainerd.

Miss Mary Pratt, '07, visited friends in Northfield, Mass., last week.

The sophomores of Alpha Chi entertained a number of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at dinner in the fraternity rooms on Saturday evening, March 3. Mrs. Edward Buttolph chaperoned the party.

Miss Harriet Markolf, of West Rutland, spent Sunday, April 22, with her sister, Miss Mary Markolf, '08.

Alpha Chi, 1908, entertained Chi Psi, 1908, at a party in the chapter rooms on Saturday evening, April 21. Mrs. Farnsworth acting as chaperone.

PI BETA PHI.

A son was born, March 4, 1906, to Lena Roseman—Denio, '98.

Miss Mollie Kendall entertained a few members of the chapter and other college friends on Friday evening, April 13.

The members of the chapter observed Founder's Day, April 28, by a ride and a supper at the East Middlebury Hotel.

Annie Metcalf, '06, and Faith Powers, '07, recently spent Sunday in Bakersfield, Vt., with Florence Giddings, '05.

Alice Sears, '09, will give a report of the Nashville Convention at the Bennington County Convention of the Christian Endeavor Union on May 1.

On April 27th, 1906, Theresa Marian Graves passed away after a two weeks illness with pneumonia. The news of her death came as a shock to the college community; she had not been dangerously ill until the crisis of the disease, when her heart began to fail and all efforts to save her proved in vain.

Miss Graves was born in Gloversville, N. Y., May 30, 1886, and prepared for college in the Gloverville High School. In the fall of 1904, she entered Middlebury College, as a member of the present sophomore class. She was a member of the high school sorority, Phi Delta, and in October, 1904, was initiated into Vermont Alpha of Pi Beta Phi.

During her brief college life, Miss Graves made an unusual number of friends and was greatly loved by her intimate circle of acquaintances. Her disposition was cheerful, loving, and unselfish. Those who knew her best realized that her thought was always for others rather than for herself. The sweetness of her character showed itself in her last illness, for during her greatest suffering her thoughts were always for those about her. She was a bright student, strong in character and in loyalty to her college and her friends.

A short funeral service was held in Middlebury, after which her body was taken to Gloversville for burial. One member of the family, a sister, survives.

The fraternities should have more of real value to contribute to the college thought. Why not improve the fraternity notes?

LOCAL NOTES.

At the close of the winter term, the junior class presented "The Rivals." It was a large undertaking for amateurs to attempt such a play, but the work presented was of a high grade. Much of the success of the play was due to the work of the committee consisting of J. M. D. Olmsted, Thomas H. Bartley, and Miss Grace Hammond. The parts were taken as follows:

Sir Anthony Absolute,	Charles A. Acton
Captain Absolute,	J. M. D. Olmsted
Faulkland,	Robert I. Haseltine
Acres,	Earl M. Gove
Sir Lucius O'Trigger,	Chester M. Walch
Fag,	Carl L. Percy
David,	Warren E. Bristol
Thomas, Coachman,	Gino A. Ratti
Mrs. Malaprop,	Miss Mary L. Pratt
Lydia Languish,	Miss Faith A. Powers
Julia,	Miss Verna W. Child
Lucy,	Miss Gwendoline T. Hughes

The play was followed by the annual Junior Promenade. Doring's orchestra furnished the music. The committee in charge consisted of Charles A. Acton, Earl M. Gove, and Miss Agnes Murdoch.

Manager B. J. Mulcahy has arranged the following schedule of baseball games:

April 21.	Proctor Y. M. C. A.	at Middlebury.
April 28.	Bristol A. A.	at Bristol.
May 3.	Potsdam Normal	at Potsdam, N. Y.
May 4.	Clarkson Tech.	at Potsdam, N. Y.
May 5.	St. Lawrence Univ.	at Canton, N. Y.
May 11.	St. Lawrence Univ.	at Middlebury.
May 16.	Union Univ.	at Schenectady, N. Y.
May 18.	Hamilton College	at Clinton, N. Y.
May 19.	R. P. I.	at Troy, N. Y.
May 22.	Norwich Univ.	at Middlebury.
May 26.	Clarkson Tech.	at Middlebury.
May 30.	U. V. M.	at Burlington.
June 1.	Goddard Sem.	at Barre.
June 2.	Norwich Univ.	at Northfield.
June 7.	Manhattan College	at Middlebury.
June 25.	Alumni	at Middlebury.

P. J. Manning, Dartmouth, '06, is coaching the team.

In the first game of the season, the college nine defeated Proctor Y. M. C. A. by the following score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Proctor	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Middlebury	4	1	0	1	7	1	3	0	x	17

The second annual banquet of the Massachusetts Club was held at The Sargent the evening of April 19th, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. The toast list was as follows:

Toastmaster, David A. Hooker.

Massachusetts Men, Annie I. Gerry

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world: this was a man."

April 19, Annie E. Metcalf

Days may come and days may go,
But this day stands forever.

The Ladies, Donald M. Shewbrooks

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light."

"Of Plymouth Plantation," Anne F. Smith

"There is nothing like it in human annals since the story of Bethlehem."

Kyoto and Boston, Yoshimitsu Suzuki

And the maid whispered, "Let's stay in Kyoto;" but the youth declared, "We'll live in Boston."

The singing of college and patriotic songs was a feature of the evening. After the toasts, the roll of Massachusetts counties was called. Worcester county carried off the honors, having ten representatives.

The Athletic Association will give a concert in the town hall on May 9th.

OBITUARY.

ORLANDO WOOSTER.

Orlando Wooster, '44, of Rutland, died on February 24, 1906, after suffering for some time from a complication of diseases. He was born in Middlebury, and had he lived until May 13, would have been eighty-four years old.

The deceased was the eldest of a family of nine children of Judge Dorastus and Deborah Morgan Wooster. He attended the schools of his native town where he prepared for Middlebury College, graduating from college in 1844. After graduation he taught school in Middlebury, Windsor, and Moriah, N. Y. While in the last named place, he studied law under John F. Havens, a prominent attorney, and was admitted to the New York State bar in 1849.

In the same year he returned to Middlebury, where he began to work for the Rutland and Burlington, now the Rutland Railroad Company. The railroad line between the two cities was then in course of construction. He was in the engineers' department and for two years ran levels between Bellows Falls and Burlington. From that time until 1864, he was roadmaster of the section between Rutland and Burlington.

In the meantime Mr. Wooster kept up his study of law, and in 1858 he was admitted to the Vermont State bar, although he never practiced the profession.

In 1865 he was appointed storekeeper of the railroad, having his office in Rutland, but he did not move to that city until 1869. This position he held until December 1904, when he was obliged to resign because of his advanced years.

On September 6, 1871, Mr. Wooster was married to Miss Ava Spaulding of Rutland. She now survives him with one son, Richard O. Wooster, also a graduate of Middlebury College, who has been with the Great Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company at Milwaukee, Wis., for the past ten years. There is also one brother, Charles H. Wooster, and one sister, Miss Sophia Wooster, both of Milwaukee.

In civil life Mr. Wooster had always declined rather than sought office. He was a member of the board of education for nine years, and during the last year he served on the board, he was its treasurer.

He was a prominent member of the Episcopal Church, having united with that body when a young man. For twenty-five years after 1880, he was a vestryman of Trinity Church of Rutland, and was secretary of the vestry for twenty-three years.

PROF. JAMES A. BENT.

Prof. Jas. A. Bent, '45, passed away January 18, 1906, at Los Angeles, Cal., aged eighty-three. Funeral and interment were at Wheaton, Ill. Prof. Bent was born and educated in Middlebury, Vt., and at Andover and Union Seminaries. He filled two Vermont pastorates, until failing voice made necessary a change of climate. His real life-work began in southern Illinois. He built Hoyleton Seminary, which today is double its original size. He also organized seven churches and Sabbath schools. He was for years a professor of mathematics in Wheaton College, devoting vacations to preparing hand-

books for maps of Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. He was also a constant correspondent for newspapers, ever presenting the advantages and claims of the new west. His personal interests were subordinated to the good of the whole community and country he loved so well. Many hold his memory in enduring affection, for the liberal employment furnished during famine years. In northeastern Nebraska, the first trees were of his planting. When health for twelve successive winters urged him to southern climates, his love of nature and outdoor life had full gratification. Beautiful jasemine hedges, avenues of stately eucalyptus, and fruit orchards, are his memorials.

After the loss of his wife, his never rugged health allowed him no settled home, but his rare ability to help and interest others made him everywhere welcome. He leaves two sons and two daughters to cherish his memory. Ill for a few days, pneumonia suddenly seized him, and "as a sheaf fully ripe," he was gathered home.—*The Advance.*

EDSON S. WELLINGTON, '70.

Edson S. Wellington died at his home in Pittsfield, Ill., Feb. 26, after an extended illness. Mr. Wellington had been in ill health for a number of years and on September 29 of last year submitted to an operation for kidney trouble which proved unsuccessful. From that time he continued to fail until death ensued. Mr. Wellington was born in 1844, in Lincoln, Vermont. He was educated at the College at Middlebury, that State, and for a number of years followed the profession of teaching. He was for a time principal of one of the schools at Sandusky, Ohio, and afterward became a member of the faculty of the university at Nashville, Tennessee. He later located at Cameron, Mo., where he made investments in property which he retained until his death and where he was married to Miss Addie Sellon of Pittsfield, in 1886. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington traveled in the east for a time, and then came to Pittsfield, where they have since made their home.

Mr. Wellington was a man of exceptionally rare educational ability and refinement, and no doubt was the most finished scholar in the city. He was a man of firm convictions and made fast friends.

Arrangements for the funeral, which was held at the home at 2:30 o'clock, Monday afternoon, Feb. 28, were made by members of the Lotus Club, of which Mr. Wellington was an enthusiastic member, and six of the gentlemen members of that club acted as pall-bearers. The services were in charge of Rev. Father Payson Young, of Springfield, assisted by James Maxon, and the interment was in the Episcopal cemetery. Many beautiful floral pieces were sent by friends and relatives in Kansas City, Chicago, and New York. Music was furnished by the Congregational and Episcopal church choirs.

Among those who were present at the funeral were Major Robert Mann Wood, of Chicago, an uncle of Mrs. Wellington; E. M. Wellington, of Chicago, a brother of the deceased; Burr Wellington, a nephew, and his wife, of Chicago; and H. E. Jarvis and two daughters, of Burlington, Iowa. —From Pike County (Illinois) Republican, February 21, 1906.

GIDEON EGBERT CLARK.

Gideon Egbert Clark, of the class of '71, died at his home in South Chicago, March 3d, 1906. His health had not been good for several years, an anemic condition rendering recovery from frequent attacks of the grip slow and unsatisfactory. Last November he suffered a severe illness and did not recover even his usual strength, so that the last attack found him an easy victim. During the years of his business life, Mr. Clark had suffered many grievous trials and disappointments, especially in the loss of three of his children to whom he was tenderly attached. His eldest surviving son, a most promising young man, died two years ago while a member of the senior class of Illinois University. Mr. Clark never ceased to grieve for him, and I venture to quote a few lines from a letter the father wrote to an old college and fraternity friend with reference to his son. After speaking of the earlier deaths of his other children he says: "But this blow in our old age has shaken the very foundations under us and we tread now the short downward road with uncertain feet, not knowing when still other griefs may come to us. This boy had always been so steady-headed, so thoughtful, so loving and so obedient, and in every way right minded and manly, that he was to me as well as to his mother, a brother, a companion, a comrade, rather than merely a son (though he was that also none the less). And I had formed many pleasant thoughts of the comfort he would be to us in our old age and of the help we might possibly be to him in getting the right start along the road to successful activities and useful, honorable citizenship. It had afforded me much satisfaction to hope that where I have failed he might be able to avoid my errors, that he might achieve somewhat which I had not accomplished, and that he would carry along the family name and possibly bestow upon it a lustre it has never known. All these pleasing fancies are ended and will be buried in his grave. Dust to dust; the spirit has returned to the Great Source of life whence it came." The sad and disheartened man has now joined the son of his love and pride in the endless life. But we can quite understand how this great grief contributed not a little to break down Mr. Clark's strength and courage, and to leave him a careless contestant for the prize of life. I first knew him when we entered college together in the autumn of 1867. He had but recently been discharged from the army, and although somewhat older than many in the class in years, was still older than the mere numbering of days because of the tremendous sobering responsibilities of those years of war. The long interruption in his preparatory work for college and the hurry to enter after the war was over, did not give him the preparation to make a distinguished record as a scholar for the first two years of his college course. But during the senior and junior years, especially the latter, he took the place that his talents and industry assigned him. In metaphysics and logic and studies of that sort, he made a brilliant record. Professor Webber was the masterly teacher of those subjects in our day, and not very long ago, in talking over old times, he inquired of me particularly concerning G. E.

Clark, recalling him perfectly after so many years and expressing great admiration for his intellectual qualities.

Mr. Clark was companionable and popular in our class, but as I recall those days, I think our feeling towards him was more a feeling of respect and high regard than college-boy affection. That was doubtless due in some measure to his being actually older than most of us but also largely to that other fact, growing out of his wider experience and his man's career, that he thought other thoughts than ours and lived another life. It has been my privilege to know him better in recent years than in our college days, for though we had met but once and for an hour only since our graduation, we had exchanged letters at intervals for several years. He had planned to visit Middlebury next commencement and had been urging his classmates and fraternity friends to meet him here at that time. Had his anticipations been realized, he would have been my guest. Hail and farewell! It will be a pleasure to all who knew that self-contained and somewhat reserved man, both his classmates and college cotemporaries, to read the following story of his graduate life told by Rev. G. H. Bird, who had been associated with him for many years. Surely Mr. Clark was a good man and a useful man and so—a successful man. W. E. H.

This week has witnessed the last services in connection with one more of South Chicago's earliest settlers. After the opening services at the family home, the public service was held at the South Chicago Congregational church, in connection with whose earlier history Judge Clark was most intimately associated. As clerk of the society, he had written the letter of invitation to the present pastor just twenty-five years ago this month. As first superintendent of the Sunday school that had been gathered in 1871, as one identified with the building of the "Little Brown Church" in 1874 that stood for many years on Ontario avenue, and as one intimately connected with all the early growth of this portion of Chicago, it was only fitting that the last services should be held in the church he had helped to build and which was filled with old time associates in business and the legal profession, with neighbors, relatives and family friends from South Chicago, Windsor Park, and other portions of our city. So closely associated with South Chicago's early growth and later development has been this life that all our readers will be interested in a few of the details.

Judge Clark was born in Russell, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., May 28, 1844, and was at his death almost sixty-two years of age. Both on the paternal and maternal sides he came from Massachusetts settlers from old England, who later had emigrated to northeastern New York. His grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, having enlisted when less than seventeen years old and being honorably discharged at the close of the Revolution. The love of school, of church, of country, and of home, marked a most natural "four-square" man descended from such an ancestry. His father was a very active and industrious farmer and skilled as well in the use of tools. His integrity and fair dealing were never questioned. He occupied a high place in the estimation of all his neighbors. His intense industry

probably undermined his health and he died at the age of forty years, almost two months before the subject of this sketch was born. The mother also died when he was but sixteen, leaving him from that time on to his own resources.

The early education of Gideon E. Clark was obtained in the country school in the real "little red school house" at North Russell, supplemented by a term at St. Lawrence Academy in Potsdam, N. Y., during the autumn of 1861. Here he received a certificate as teacher and was engaged as teacher of a country school two miles from Potsdam. When he was eighteen, he enlisted in the Eleventh New York Cavalry and in 1864 was commissioned Lieutenent in the Thirty-eighth U. S. infantry. This position he held until March 30, 1866, when he was honorably discharged at Louisville. Upon returning to Potsdam, N. Y., he again entered St. Lawrence Academy, fitting for Middlebury College in Vermont, where he graduated in the class of 1871, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts and later—in 1874—of Master of Arts. While obtaining his education he taught five terms of three months each, including one term as principal of Lawrenceville Academy.

In 1871, following the example of his brother Elam, ten years older, he came here to Chicago, arriving about a month prior to the great fire in October. He became at once a law student in the offices of the firm of Higgins, Sweet & Quigg and was admitted to the bar upon examination before the Supreme Court of Illinois, at Ottawa in 1873.

For several years he was in the employ of the Calumet and Chicago Canal & Dock company as renting agent in South Chicago, and then embarked in the real estate and insurance business on his own account. He served as deputy postmaster here from 1872 until 1880. In 1882, on account of his health, he removed with his family to Plankington, South Dakato, where he had pre-empted an old soldier's claim to a quarter section the year before. Here he later embarked in legal and real estate business until 1888, when he was elected manager of the Journal Publishing Company and became editor of the Aurora County Standard and Farmers' Journal. He was also active in organizing the Aurora County Agricultural Society and was elected and served as its first president. In 1889 he resigned his position and returned to South Chicago, occupying on Stony Island the former home (now the South Chicago Hospital) of his brother Elam, who had died the year before. Entering upon the real estate and insurance business again, he contiued here until 1895, when he was appointed Justice of the Peace for the town of Hyde Park by Governor Altgeld and was promptly confirmed by the State Senate. On the first day of July, 1895, he was appointed by Mayor Swift a police magistrate for Chicago, and on the same day was confirmed by the city council, assuming his duties at once. He has always been a steadfast and active republican and has ever been the devoted advocate of the principles of his party in political addresses.

Judge Clark had long been an enthusiastic member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having joined it as a

charter member under the original organization at Rutland, Vt., Jan. 18, 1870. He was one of the charter members of the John A. Rawlins Post of Dakota and served as its adjutant for several years. He was also a member of our A. E. Burnside Post in South Chicago, of which he was elected commander in Dec. 1892 and appointed A. D. C. on the staff of Commander Lawlor in 1895. He was also a member of the military order of the Loyal Legion, having been elected a member by the Illinois commandery in 1890. He was a member of Anchor Council, Royal League, and has twice been elected to the office of Archon of that council. He was also a member of the National Union, having served as president of its South Chicago council. At college he joined the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and was a member of the Northwestern Association of that fraternity. His standing as a scholar at college gave him entrance to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, as a member of the Middlebury chapter from 1871.

On March 19, 1874, he was married to Miss Mary L. Tilden at Sheldon, Vt. Five children have been born to them, three of whom died before the father;—Tilden, who died here in 1879, three years old; Gladys, in 1891, six years old; and Gilbert, who died in his senior year at Illinois University, Feb. 22, 1904, at the age of 22. Two children are left to the mother;—Angie, who is teaching at the Monticello high school; and Roscoe, who is with the Harvester Company at South Deering.

Judge Clark took an active part in the organization of the South Chicago Congregational Society, being a charter member in 1872 and one of its first board of trustees. We owe the donation of the three lots on which the church now stands to his early efforts. He was our first Sunday school superintendent, an office that has been held by three others only in all these 35 years. We owe the subscriptions to the first "Little Brown Church" that stood on this spot very largely to his personal efforts, and he has had his part in erecting the present building.

Oakwoods has interred the body by the side of his three children, but South Chicago will never bury the remembrance of this man. Surely the Congregational Society and its present pastor will ever remember him with love and gratitude.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[The alumni are again reminded that the success of this department depends on their co-operation in giving us notes. All communications should be addressed to "THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS."]

'46. Governor Stewart, who has been spending the winter in Colorado Springs with his son, has returned to Middlebury.

'47. Prof. John W. Hunt, for many years a teacher in Washington, D. C., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ronette F. Cranch, in Erie, Pa., April 4, 1906, in his eighty-fifth year.

'48. Rev. Wilson A. Farnsworth, D. D., since 1853 a missionary in Turkey, may be addressed at present at 1230 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City.

'51. George Dunsmore, M. D., has been a practicing physician in St. Albans since 1855.

'56. Prof. Charles M. Mead was present at the recent alumni banquet in Boston.

'60. Azro L. Mann has been living in California since his graduation, and since 1865 in Oakland and San Francisco, occupying positions as teacher, principal, and superintendent of schools. His last address was 2222 Clay street, San Francisco.

'61. Robert A. Donaldson has for many years been a railway official in California, residing in San Francisco.

'62. Park Davis has been practicing law in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., since 1885.

'62. George H. Sweet is a member of the board of trustees of the Potsdam State Normal School, and also of the Clarkson School of Technology.

'63. George W. Lewis has been a lawyer in California since 1868. His last address was 1043 Market street, San Francisco.

'64. Francis G. Clark of Cedar Rapids, Ia., in a recent letter to the editors of THE CAMPUS, speaks of the late Doctor Prentiss as "the intimate companion of my college days." Mr. Clark has been a lawyer in Cedar Rapids since 1876.

'66. Rev. Leroy M. Pierce has been pastor of the Congregational church at Medford, Mass., since 1897.

'67. George E. Lawrence has two sons who are lawyers; one is in partnership with his father in Rutland, the other is assistant attorney general of the United States in Washington.

'68. Rev. Charles H. Rowley has recently been called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at North Craftsbury, Vt.

'70. Harlan S. Perrigo has a son who will enter college next fall.

'71. Elias H. Bottum has been a practicing lawyer in Milwaukee since 1873.

'72. At a recent meeting of the Citizens Club of Logansport, Ind., Charles E. Hale read a paper on "The Subsidizing of the Merchant Marine."

'73. Rev. George W. Brooks of Dorchester, Mass., presided at the recent alumni dinner in Boston.

'76. Thomas E. Boyce, who spent the winter in Washington, D. C., has returned to Middlebury.

'76. William W. Gay has prepared a memorial pamphlet on the life of his father, Dr. Theodore Gay, of the class of 1835, a copy of which has been sent to the library.

'77. Willis I. Twitchell of Hartford is President of the Connecticut Congregational Club and member of a recently organized University Club of that city.

'79. Rev. Henry W. Hulbert, D. D., now professor in Bangor Theological Seminary, has recently buried his wife. She was Miss Eliza L. Pinneo to whom he was married March 31, 1891.

'79. The Los Angeles News of December 3 had a picture of the beautiful residence of E. R. Brainerd and said: "Mr. Brainerd is a liberal, genial, and progressive gentleman, who handles investments in real estate in such a prompt and satisfactory manner as to make money both for himself and his clients. He is one of a group of men in this vicinity who do honor to their location in the finest spot of what will be the finest city in the world."

'80. Alva C. Peck is secretary of the Boston alumni association.

'82. Rev. Henry E. Howard, at the

recent session of the Vermont Methodist Conference, was stationed at Albany, Vt. His previous pastorate was at West Fairlee.

'82. Dr. Carroll B. Ross will be represented in next year's freshman class by his son, Paul.

'83. Jesse Stearns is vice-president of a company in Portland, Oregon, which is interested in a marble quarry in the Aleutian Islands, Alaska.

'86. Charles Billings has been teacher of Latin and Greek in Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, since 1887.

'89. Colwort K. P. Cogswell is rector of the Episcopal Church in Trappe, Maryland.

'90. Prof. Albert D. Mead, Ph. D., of Brown University, is to give the address before the Associated Alumni next commencement, and Rev. Junius E. Mead, D. D., of Troy, the poem.

'94. Dr. Henry H. Seeley has recently purchased a house in Richmond, Vt., where he has been practicing medicine for five years.

'95. William H. Eldridge, who for seven years was treasurer of the Proctor Trust Company, and who was obliged to leave New England on account of his health, is now the owner of a clothing and tailoring establishment in Twin Falls, Idaho. Before settling in Idaho Mr. Eldridge traveled through Colorado, Oregon, California, and several other states.

'95. Lockwood M. Seeley was married to Miss Frances H. Ross on April 16. Residence at Newark, N. J.

'95. Principal George S. Wright of Bethel spent the Easter vacation with his parents in Weybridge.

'96. A son was born March 4th, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Denio of Bristol. Mrs. Denio was Miss Lena Roseman.

'97. A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Enman of Worcester, Mass. Mrs. Enman was Miss Florence M. Holden.

'98. Hiram E. Sessions was married to Miss Flora King of Middlebury, April 4th, 1906.

'99. Frank W. Cady, who for two years has been in Oxford, will sail for home with his mother and sister on the 7th of June.

'99. Rev. Robert L. Thompson, who has been for several years at Brandon, has been assigned by the recent Methodist conference to Granville, N. Y.

ex'00. Miss Catherine Cutler Gove, for two years a member of the class of 1900, was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1905, and is now instructor of Latin and Greek at Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, Ohio.

'00. S. B. Botsford recently visited college to make arrangements for the national convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity to be held in Middlebury next October.

'00. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lee, at West Rutland, March 17th, 1906. Mrs. Lee was Miss Emily Parker.

'02. David Arthur Burke was married March 24, to Miss Claire Bateman, at St. Patrick's Cathedral Rectory, New York City.

'03. Duane L. Robinson is the proud father of twin girls, born April 27th.

CLIPPINGS.

The country college is an institution by itself; a product of the country. If a few of our New England colleges have outgrown themselves, have become metropolitan as the nation has grown westward, yet the original product is still repeated, to the shores of the Pacific. It is the country college that will always educate the average American. It is an institution planted by feeble folk in the open fields, with God and Nature as its environment; near to Nature's heart, near to Nature's voices; whose strength is in Nature's God. . . . I well remember the ejaculation of that great theologian, Prof. Edwards A. Park of Andover, when for the first time looking around upon this magnificent circumvallation where our Alma Mater has been for one century entrenched: "This is the place for a college!" . . . The country college must hold fast what she has, that no man take her crown. Her work is especially ethical,—the making of character; the fitting of herself into that holy league and covenant into which the fathers entered when such a college as this was founded, and dedicated to truth and virtue. To dominate material forces, whether in earth or sea or air, whether in Occident or Orient, is magnificent; but to dominate self, the godlike in us, amid these great modern novelties and possibilities,—is better than to know all mystery and all knowledge.—*From an address by President Jeremiah F. Rankin, Class of '48.*

Any one who has watched the history of the smaller colleges cannot fail to be inspired by the record. As the young men come to receive greater respect and attain higher positions, and as the older men pass out of our vision into the great reward, leaving a noble record, no accurate observer can fail to feel that he is watching the sure progressive growth of a great and mighty influence; and if he be a worthy son of the college, his heart will thrill with joy that he has a right to inherit these traditions, and to have a share in the ministrations of his college to the service of humanity. The University snob—a rare creature, thank God—sometime sneers at the small college, and the graduate of the college sometimes thinks that he might blush for the homespun which his college is clothed with; but the true son will rejoice to see that inner, high, and invisible glory, the glory of self-sacrifice, which a few names have made to rest like a Shekinah upon the altar of his worship.—*President Franklin Carter at the Middlebury Centennial Dinner.*

I presume you have seen in the public prints an analysis of the list of the alumni of Middlebury College for the last century. I will simply say I have read it with wonder and delight. I do not see how that record can well be matched. . . . . I will honestly say that I do not believe our record for our two centuries will be, in quality, equal to that. One reason for this is because, it seems to me, Middlebury has had an advantage over larger institutions in the stuff you have had to work with. I think that the Vermont boy, as he has come up from his country home, nestling amid your mountains, is about as good stuff for a university to make a record of its alumni with as could well be had. Mr. Chairman, I

believe in young men who have their future before them and not behind them,—young men coming from frugal homes,—homes of frugal abundance, full of work, full of energy, with all their vitalities untainted, all their ambitions unsated by luxury and wealth, —such is the stuff out of which great alumni are made. . . . . I have thought there was a certain likeness in that material to the marble which you dig out of your mountains. It is good stuff to work at. It pays for the toil you put upon it. It takes a polish, and when the structure is done, wherever you set it, there it stands, age long, resplendent and enduring.—*Professor Cornelius L. Kitchel at the Middlebury Centennial Dinner.*

If there is a town in Vermont whose first set of inhabitants deserved the appelation of high-minded and worthy, it is the town of Middlebury. . . . And scarcely had the storm of war passed over, and the sun-light of peace begun to break in on their infant settlement, before they united, with a zeal as extraordinary, considering their circumstances and means, as it was commendable, in rearing, by private munificence alone, a collegiate institution which for many succeeding years did more, probably, towards elevating the moral and literary character of Vermont, than any other cause operating within her borders. And her Alumni, now many of them in eminence at the bar, and in the pulpit, and found gracing not only every station in their own favored country, from the humble school room, to the senate chamber of the nation, but nobly dispensing her light among the people of every clime upon the face of the broad earth, whither, in the fearless and enterpris-

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ing spirit of their fathers, they have scattered themselves,—now to teach the arts to the boorish Russ, or besotted Turk, now to assist the enslaved Greek, or South American, in his struggles for freedom, and now to rear the standard of the Cross among the degraded pagans of the East—her grateful alumni, often, often turn back, in fancy, to their beloved Alma Mater, and admire, and bless the noble and self-sacrificing spirit of Painter, Chipman, Storrs, and others of her munificent founders, who made themselves poor in pecuniary estate, that the children of their country might become rich in knowledge. — *From "The Green Mountain Boys" by Daniel P. Thompson, Class of '20.*

We are indeed heirs to all the riches of our predecessors. Hardly more could have been done for us if the worthies of old had had for their sole aim our happiness and well-being. All the poets and sages and inventors of the past are to-day our servants and benefactors. All their science and literature are ours; we own all their wonderful devices by which the various forces of nature are subdued into service; we possess all the civil and social institutions which they established at such great cost. But we are not the last generation of men on the earth; only the latest. We are but a link in the chain of countless generations that extends through the centuries of human history. It is our duty to transmit to posterity the great legacy of the race, not simply unimpaired, but adorned and enriched and enlarged.—*From a Baccalaureate Sermon by President Brainerd, Class of '64.*

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CORRECTIONS TO ALUMNI LIST.

Since the last issue of THE CAMPUS, the following corrections to the list of living alumni have been brought to our notice:

'44. Orlando Wooster died Feb. 24, 1906.

'45. J. A. Bent died Jan. 18, 1906.

'56. H. S. Foote, 546 Trapelo Road, Waverly, Mass.

'64. C. E. Prentiss died Mar. 5, 1906.

'68. C. H. Rowley, North Craftsbury, Vt.

'70. E. S. Wellington died Feb. 26, 1906.

'71. G. E. Clark died Mar. 3, 1906.

'73. H. F. Northrup, 444 Hausman Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

'73. C. E. Turrill, Salt Lake City.

'79. F. E. Whipple, San Diego, Cal.

'89. L. H. Raine, 38 W. Fourfh St., New York City.

'92. Annah Sheldon Sturtevant, Foxport, Me.

'94. Laura S. Clark, Winston-Salem, N. C.

'95. E. L. Cushman, 37 Ravine Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

'95. W. H. Eldridge, Twin Falls, Idaho.

'95. Harriette H. Steele, 31 Spring St., Amherst, Mass.

'00. Sarah Mann Hatch, 19 Glidden St., Beverley, Mass.

'01. Florence J. Walker, Pembroke, N. H.

'02. J. R. Duffield, 700 Park Ave., New York City.

'03. C. F. Lester, 319 South St., Elizabeth, N. J.

'04. L. A. Squire, White River Junction, Vt.

'05. Alice J. Potter, 1 Allerton Place, Marblehead, Mass.

Receipt of subscriptions since the preceding issue will hereafter be acknowledged in THE CAMPUS. The business manager has received subscriptions, *beginning with Vol. II., No. I.*, from the following persons:

J. W. Abernethy, Rena E. Avery, W. T. Barnard, J. H. Barrett, J. L. Barton, Rena I. Bisbee, D. H. Blossom, G. N. Boardman, S. B. Botsford, E. R. Brainerd, E. G. Bridgham, Frank Brown, L. A. Brown, W. I. Brown, J. A. Cadwell, M. E. Cady, D. C. Caldwell, F. G. Clark, O. K. Collins, Gertrude E. Cornish, E. L. Cushman, F. B. Denio, A. W. Eddy J. A. Fletcher, J. C. French, W. W. Gay, J. N. Gifford, J. E. Goodman, C. C. Gove, J. O. Haven, L. H. Hemenway, A. B. Hepburn, Mary Higley, E. C. Hooker, T. S. Hubbard, H. W. Hulbert, F. R. Ingalsbe, R. W. Jocelyn, Brainerd Kellogg, Bertha Kelsey, Stephen Knowlton, Marianne Landon, S. H. Lane, Jeffries W. Leete, C. L. Leonard, C. F. Lester, J. A. Lobban, T. P. Matthews, J. F. McNaboe, J. C. Miller, S. L. Miner, C. B. Moody, Emma B. Moore, P. J. Myers, T. H. Noonan, A. C. Peck, J. A. Peck, H. S. Perrigo, Mary O. Pollard, Jessie M. Prentis, E. J. Ranslow, Mrs. Lauren Redfield, D. G. Reilly, D. L. Robinson, C. B. Ross, R. D. Ross, L. C. Russell, Elizabeth Salisbury, G. D. Scott, C. M. Severance, L. W. Severy, H. L. Sheldon, E. B. Sherman, S. S. Sherman, W. R. Shipman, C. C. Smith, N. B. Smith, E. W. Sniffen, B. L. Stafford, J E. Stetson, Lora P. Stickney, J. M. Thomas, Maude M. Tucker, R. S. Tuthill, W. I. Twitchell, H. H. Vail, Blanche A. Verder, Rufus Wainwright, Florence J. Walker, Chas. Whitney, A. B. Willmarth, R. O. Wooster, E. F. Wright, G. M. Wright.

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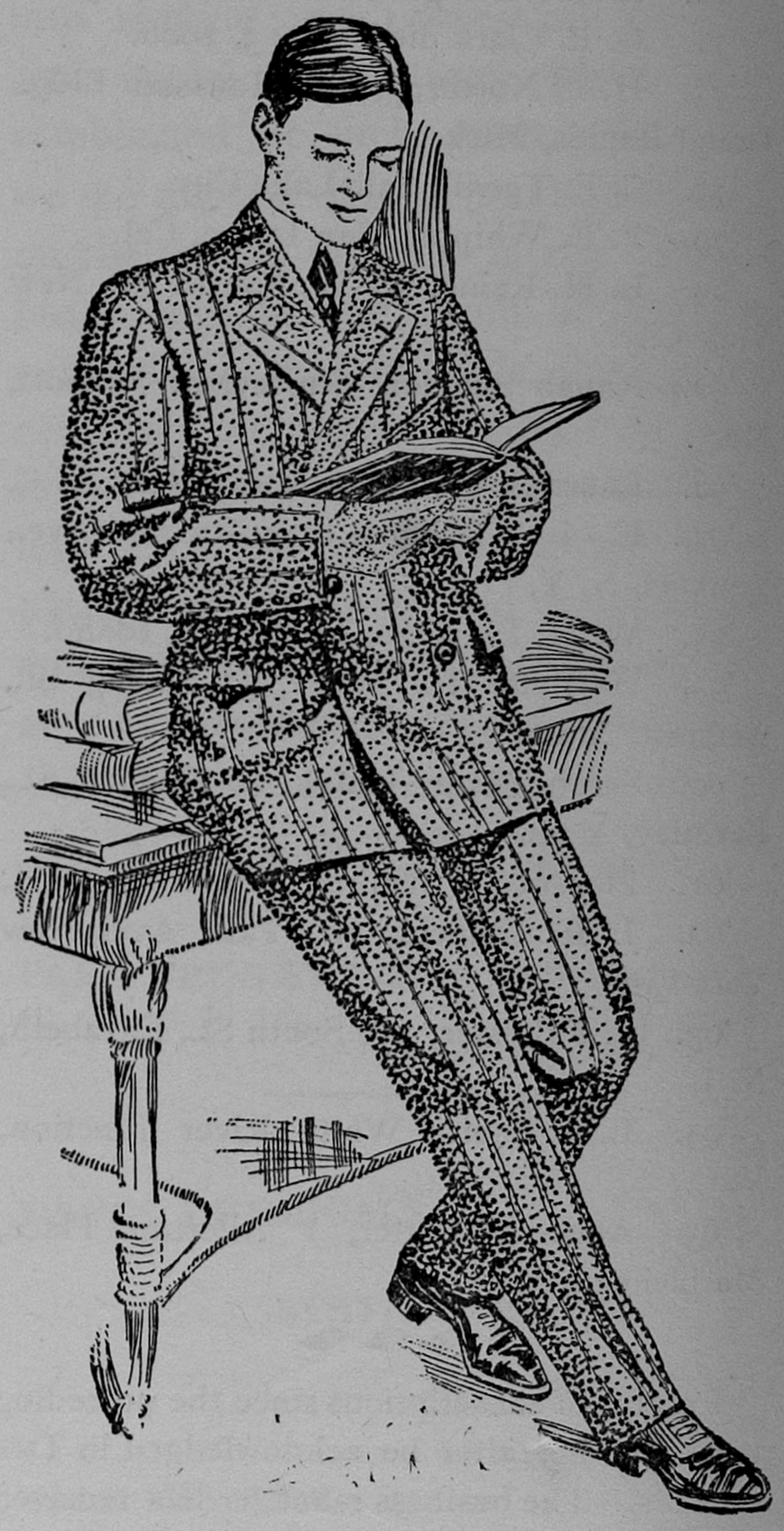

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[*Continued from inside of front cover.*]

The departments of Physics and Natural Sciences are well furnished with apparatus and laboratories, while the Cabinet and Museum furnish abundant specimens for illustration.

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The Faculty, under the direction of the Corporation, give to the first third of each class, on the basis of scholarship, honorary appointments for Commencement. Those receiving these appointments are eligible for election to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, provided that they have attained an average rank for the entire course of eighty-five per cent.

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CALENDAR.

1906

January 9, Tuesday, 8.45 A. M.—Winter Term begins.
February 11, Sunday—Day of Prayer for Colleges.
February 22, Thursday—College Banquet. Washington's Birthday.
March 23, Friday—Winter Term ends.

SPRING VACATION OF TEN DAYS.

April 3, Tuesday, 8.45 A. M.—Spring Term begins.
May 30, Wednesday—Memorial Day.
June 24, Sunday, 10.45 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon. 8.00 P. M.—Anniversary of the Christian Associations.
June 25, Monday—Class Day.
June 26, Tuesday, 10.00 A. M.—Preliminary Meeting of the Associated Alumni. 11.00 A. M.—Anniversary of the Associated Alumni. 3.00 P. M.—Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. 8.00 P. M.—Parker and Merrill Prize Speaking.
June 27, Wednesday, 8.30 A. M.—Adjourned Meeting of the Associated Alumni. 10.30 A. M.—Commencement Exercises. 2.00 P. M.—Commencement Dinner. 8.00 P. M.—President's Reception.

SUMMER VACATION OF TWELVE WEEKS.

September 20, Thursday, 8.45 A. M.—Fall Term begins.
December 21, Friday, 12.30 P. M.—Fall Term ends.

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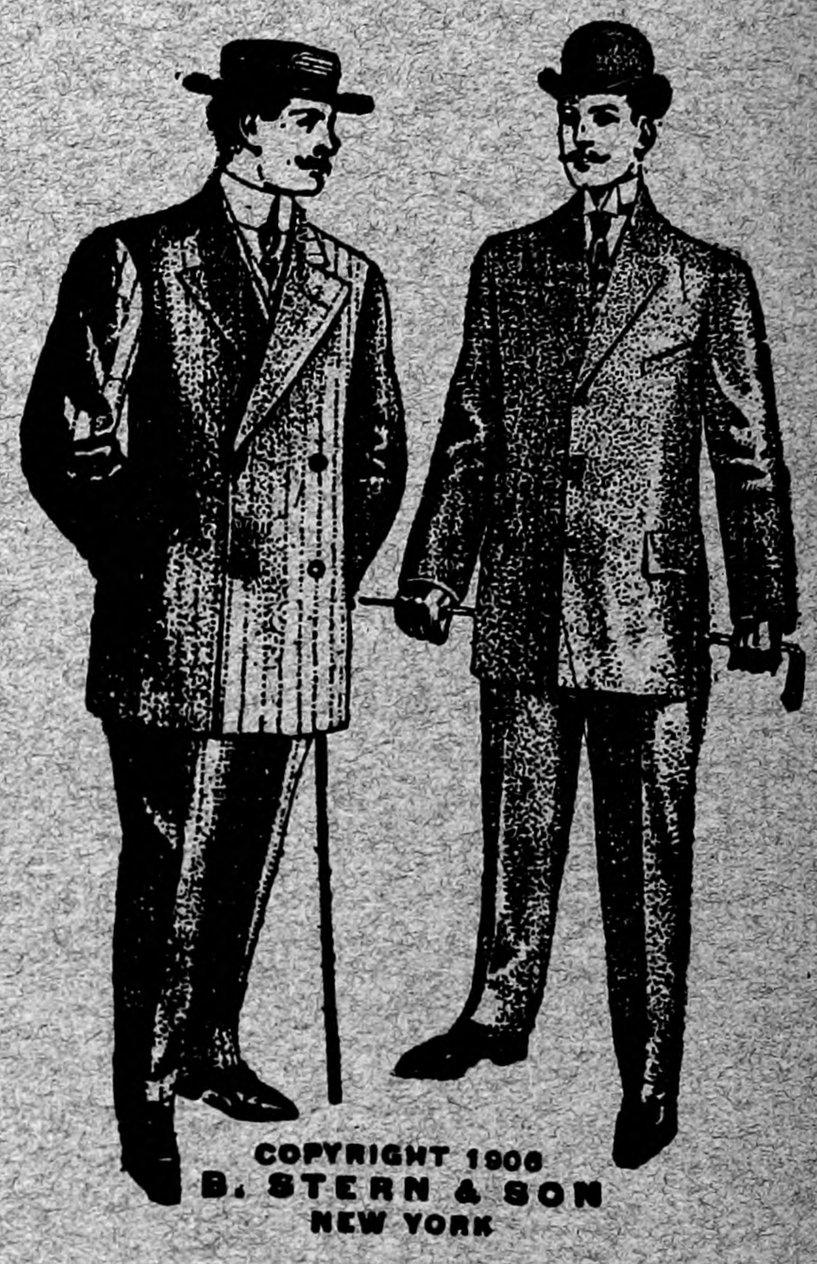

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